THE NEW REPUBLIC

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT

No Win in Vietnam

As Averell Harriman was about to board his plane in Laos on March 25 after a futile mission to prod Defense Minister Phoumi Nosavan into joining a neutralist coalition regime, General Phoumi drove up to the Vientiane airport bearing a conciliatory message for the angry Assistant Secretary of State. A face-saver had been contrived. It would be possible after all for the Royal Lao Government to make the first move toward the resumption of talks with Prince Souvanna Phouma. Prince Souvanna would be invited to Vientiane for a reception in honor of the visiting ex-President of France, Mr. Vincent Auriol, offering an occasion for some unacknowledged informal negotiations concerning the allocation of Cabinet portfolios. The invitation was extended, but to the surprise of all concerned, Souvanna responded that he was not feeling well. The delicate task of ascertaining why it was that a Laotian settlement which for a moment seemed so near had suddenly faded so fast fell to Harriman's trusted deputy during the Geneva negotiations on Laos, William Sullivan, who flew behind rebel lines to Pathet Lao headquarters at Khang Khay. Suspicions of a diplomatic illness were not borne out. Returning to Washington, Harriman found cables solemnly informing him that Souvanna Phouma had eaten too much of the Laotian delicacy som tab-khouang *(marinated raw deer's liver) at a wedding the night before the invitation from Vientiane and was suffering from diarrhea. By the time he had recovered, Mr. Auriol had left Laos; the Royal Government thereupon conveniently forgot its invitation, and Prince Souvanna departed in disgust for a two-month holiday in the Swiss Alps. Although this is not the first time the projected Laos coalition has fallen apart at the last minute for one improbable reason or another, the present impasse holds peculiar dangers be-*

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T.R.B. from Washington

This Is My Life

★ Sitting before the fire with Pat we often smile indulgently over the artless comments of Julie and Tricia. "Why can't other men be more like you, Daddy?" asked Julie once as I put her to bed. I had to tell her my hay fever was bothering me as I wiped my eyes with a handkerchief.

It is good to look back over my years in Washington with the realization that while I have not always been right I have been right, say, 99.98 percent of the time. There have been crises, it is true. These are often caused by men who let ambitions dominate their principles. I have seen this in Latin America and Moscow, but in only half a dozen or so cases in America where, oddly enough, they included all the people who have opposed me. We must remember in their behalf that they naturally resented the way I exposed Alger Hiss, something which my opponents – I will not call them enemies – have never forgiven.

Alger Hiss, no doubt, was at the bottom of the absurd controversy over my campaign fund in 1952. The whole story was blown out of all proportion because of the delay and indecision of the amateurs around dear, good General Eisenhower.

"But wasn't Ike to blame for the delay and indecision?" asked guileless little Julie one night as I turned out the lamp. It is heartening to have adorable little girls who get confused over these big, difficult questions!

Looking back serenely at the Washington days I often chuckle over struggles that seemed so important at the time. After all, impartial critics agree that I had the better of three of the four TV debates in 1960 and that I did so while preserving my self-respect and sense of duty.

I am often asked about the Cuban episode. In our fourth debate my opponent somehow squared it with his conscience to advocate intervention which he either did (or didn't) know was then in preparation. By this he either did (or didn't) grossly jeopardize national safety. Naturally I was shocked; for the first time in the campaign I got mad at him personally. As one of the planners of the pending invasion I had no other patriotic course – wrench my better feelings as it did – than to denounce anyone who would even dream of such an un-American act. What greater sacrifice can a man of principle make than to tell what Tricia would call an eenie-weenie little fib?

I have always been friendly with the press. I completely reject the theory that I might have received better treatment in 1960 had I "courted" them more, or had Herb provided them with the more elaborate facilities for entertainment that Salinger – with greater funds at his disposal – was able to provide.

Willard Edwards of the *Chicago Tribune* was particularly indignant at the unfair treatment which he argued I had received. I cannot accept this. Personally I believe most of the correspondents are just as fair-minded as Edwards himself, who, besides being impartial, writes for a paper which leans over backward to prevent any hint of bias from appearing in its columns. Where some reporters were critical of me it generally stemmed from the Hiss case; I never complained to their publishers as some people did. I love the press and when Checkers bites a reporter I always explain that it is just one of his cute tricks. The other night when I was putting Tricia to bed the sleepy little girl murmured, "But Daddy, why are all reporters such bums and stinkers?"

I wonder where in the world our children pick up such language, even though it is funny!

Rural Veto

★ The Supreme Court in its historic 6-2 reapportionment decision said that the avenue of judicial redress is not closed to cheated city voters. It didn't say much more – though that was a lot considering past precedents. But the real battle hasn't started yet and the citizen's right to an equal vote may be little nearer than before. Tennessee is an extreme case. The state constitution is arrogantly defied.

Our guess is that the entrenched rural forces will simply fall back now and regroup. They will try to write into state constitutions "area provisions," basing apportionment on geography rather than population. Most common form of this is to give counties a flat number of seats, irrespective of people. "This is fair, isn't it?" they argue – "look at the US Senate!"

This is the most dangerous kind of sophistry because it sounds so plausible. The difference is that counties aren't, and never were, sovereign. Nobody ever offered to die for a county! Yet in Michigan, for example, Democrats elected Mennen Williams governor six times but never once captured the gerrymandered Senate (elected on an area basis). It simply sat back and vetoed his fiscal reforms, reducing the state to near bankruptcy. New Jersey has this device; so does Illinois and California. In fact 30 state Senates and 32 state Houses now base apportionment on criteria other than population. It seems a nice compromise: make one house representative by population and the other representative by area (or cows, if you want to put it that way). But never forget this: that rural-dominated state Senate has a veto power that can wreck modern government.

The Phony Filibuster

★ Last week the Senate passed, 77-16, a constitutional amendment resolution to ban poll taxes. We think it is a phony. We think the Southern "filibuster" against it was make-believe. Only two states, Mississippi and Alabama, now make much use of poll taxes to bar Negroes and we don't think a constitutional amendment, with a possible seven-year wait, is the way to deal with them. We believe 13 of the rural-dominated state legislatures will veto the proposal in any case. And finally, we think the use of the amendment route here threatens a precedent that more important civil rights reforms must follow the same procedure.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion Volume 146 Number 15 Issue 2475 April 9, 1962*
Published weekly (except for omissions of four summer issues) and distributed by The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C. Phone: FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 25c. Yearly subscription, $8.00; Foreign, $9.00, Armed Forces personnel or students, $5.00. Advertising rates upon request. Subscribers desiring change of address should notify us at least three weeks in advance. Include old and new address. Copyright© 1962, by Harrison-Blaine, Inc. Item g. Second class Imprint, reading Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in* Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.

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No Win in Vietnam

Because it coincides with the deepening US military engagement in Vietnam. The recalcitrance of General Phoumi is based on the belief that US policies in Laos (military disengagement and acceptance of a neutralist regime with marginal Communist participation) and in Vietnam (the commitment by mid-summer of 7,000 servicemen in defense of a US-aligned client government) will in the long run prove incompatible. Significantly, Washington itself is hedging its bets. The State Department has played down the fact that military aid to the difficult US "ally" Phoumi has been continuing at the same time that the US has been exerting pressure on him by withholding its $3 million monthly check for general budgetary support.

With F-102 jets arriving in Saigon and the US assuming increasingly overt responsibility for the defense of the Ngo Dinh Diem regime in Vietnam, Phoumi cannot be blamed for concluding that it would be prudent for him to play for time. Sooner or later, he is said to reason, North Vietnam, confronted by a neutralist US posture in Laos to the east and another quite different in Vietnam to the south, will break loose from Russian restraints and reopen the Pathet Lao offensive. Inevitably, he believes, the US will then be drawn in on his side so as to salvage at least a partition of Laos.

Lingering doubts as to the determination of the Kennedy Administration to wade neck deep into Vietnam were dispelled last week with the unveiling of "Operation Sunrise." American officers are now being stationed at the headquarters of each of 39 provincial governors to oversee new anti-guerrilla operations involving the wholesale resettlement of strategically-located sectors of the South Vietnam rural population. The aim is to isolate guerrilla bands by regrouping the population in fortified "strategic villages." In State Department and Pentagon position papers, the timetable is vague but the prognostication is optimistic: the guerrillas will find themselves progressively in retreat as one area after another is secured from attack and the rural population rallies to the side of Saigon.

The model for "Operation Sunrise" is the successful British offensive against the Chinese guerrillas in Malaya. Skeptical Americans are enjoined to show some of the fortitude which sustained the British during their 12-year campaign. But as this journal has argued (*NR*, May 22, 1961), Vietnam offers only the most superficial comparison with Malaya. The guerrillas in sea-locked Malaya could not make contact with outside support. Thailand gave shelter to some of the guerrillas who finally fled, but did not serve as a supply base. North Vietnam, on the contrary, provides an "active sanctuary" not available in previous guerrilla struggles (Greece, the Philippines, and

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Cyprus as well as Malaya) and can shuttle money, men and arms south for an indeterminate period.

In Malaya the British were able to starve out the guerrillas because it is impossible to subsist in the dense mountain jungles with cathedral-like trees that shut out the sun and discourage both plant and animal life. In his study, *Guerrilla Communism in Malaya*, Lucian Pye of the MIT Center for International Studies describes the dependence of the Chinese in Malaya on access to food supplies outside the jungle. It was this dependence that made food controls a compelling weapon in the hands of the British. In South Vietnam, there would be little point in introducing food controls; the relatively flat and lush back country is replete with edible herbs, berries and small game.

But what if the guerrillas cannot be starved out? If US ingenuity and military technology can keep them on the run or, at the very least, keep Diem in his palace, why not carry on the fight in South Vietnam for 12 years – or as long as the Communists do?

The answer would seem to be that anti-guerrilla operations cannot realistically be expected to keep Diem or any pro-American regime in power indefinitely, for reasons we shall detail, and that an expansion of "Operation Sunrise" throughout South Vietnam is more likely to multiply Communist strength. The British in Malaya had the relatively manageable task of regrouping what was a peripheral social group cut off from the dominant Malay population – some 500,000 Chinese "squatters" who farmed along the fringes of the jungle and transmitted food to the guerrillas. To duplicate the proportions of the Malaya operations, it would be necessary to resettle three times as many villagers in more populous Vietnam. Moreover, the Malayan "squatters" who had turned to agriculture to supplement their wages in the tin mines and plantations did not have a way of life that held them by sentiment and mystique to a particular place. But the Vietnamese peasant is closely tied to his ancestral land and has resisted all efforts to transplant him to more secure terrain.

Although "Operation Sunrise" has been conscientiously designed to avoid the concentration-camp brutality of Diem's former "Agrovilles" program, which packed more than 20,000 into each stockaded area, the response of the peasantry to the inaugural experiment held on March 28 in the Ben Tuong region 40 miles north of Saigon was openly hostile and has distressed practical-minded Washington tacticians. Out of the 866 villagers who were herded from their homes before the huts were fired, according to Robert S. Elegant in the *Washington Post*, only 120 were males of age to bear arms. All of the rest, explained a Vietnamese officer, had been "forced" to flee with the Communists. Pamphlets promising amnesty and rewards ($21 and a plot of land) for each family in the new settlements have been showered on the jungles. But while the wives wait in the stockades, observed Elegant, "the objective of creating a viable community was seriously impaired by the absence of men."

Whether the hundreds of guerrillas absorbed into Communist ranks at Ben Tuong joined up voluntarily or at the point of a gun, the end result is that the political climate in South Vietnam is taking an ominous anti-American turn. Reports from knowledgeable individuals in and out of the official US and Vietnamese apparatus speak of more and more Vietnamese – "real pillars of the local society" – going over to the Communist-sponsored National Liberation Front. "Viet Cong (Communist) propaganda rarely mentions the word 'Communism'," reports Scot Leavitt in the current *Life*. "Instead guerrilla leaflets hit at imperialism (meaning the US), foreigners (meaning Americans) and the Diem government. At the same time, they call for land reform and a united North and South Vietnam."

The appeal of reunification as a Communist battle cry has been consistently underrated by Americans who have listened only to those Vietnamese with a political or economic stake in the division of the country. Gnawing frustration growing out of the prospect of the permanent division of Vietnam into Communist-controlled and US-controlled satrapies and of the prolonged continuance of hostilities – and casualties – comes through in candid conversation with most politically conscious Vietnamese. Symptoms of widespread sub-surface neutralist sentiment can be detected in the policies of what are in themselves relatively insignificant factions led by Nguyen Phau Chau in Saigon (Movement for National Unification) and by former Diem cabinet minister Nguyen Van Thaoi in Paris.

Surveying the prospect three weeks ago, this journal concluded that the Administration was engaged in a "No Win" policy in its treatment of the Viet Cong as an essentially military threat and that the most profitable alternative open to the US at this late hour was an active diplomatic effort to couple a settlement in Laos with some form of international guarantee for a neutralized South Vietnam. The continuing stalemate in Laos would no doubt considerably complicate such an effort, for the Russians have told non-Communist diplomats that stabilization in Laos must precede any discussion of Vietnam; the Soviet delegation which visited Hanoi last month found the North Vietnam Lao Dong (Communist) Politburo bitterly divided on the strategy to be followed toward the US in South Vietnam, and the Russians seem unlikely to try pushing Ho Chi Minh toward the bargaining table until it can be said that the Americans have demonstrated their bonafides in Laos. Nevertheless, there are some substantial reasons why the Russians

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and the North Vietnamese – if not initially the Chinese – might agree for a specified period to a settlement legalizing the continued division of Vietnam.

The Russians for their part appear anxious to head off a Chinese-US confrontation in Asia which might involve them in hostilities with the US while they are seeking an accommodation in Berlin. For Ho Chi Minh, Chinese intervention could mean domination of the Lao Dong by his pro-Peking rivals. The increasingly acute food shortage in North Vietnam suggests that Hanoi might find it highly desirable to reopen the pre-partition rice trade between North and South Vietnam. In the official version of an interview with a London *Daily Express* correspondent republished on March 27 by the North Vietnam News Agency, Ho Chi Minh made what may prove to be a significant response to a question as to whether he would be willing to accept "international guarantees of respect for . . . a neutral South Vietnam with a foreign policy similar to that of India or Cambodia?" After reiterating earlier pledges of eventual reunification, he said that "it is up to the people in South Vietnam to decide whether South Vietnam is to have a neutral regime or any other regime."

If the Russians and the Lao Dong appear seriously interested in a short-run agreement placing under a single umbrella of international supervision most of what used to be French Indochina – Laos, Cambodia and South Vietnam – the US should consider this a bargain worth exploring. Feelers such as the *Daily Express* interview granted by Ho Chi Minh should be investigated through the representatives of intermediary governments. The immediate objective of a settlement might be a new and strengthened international presence – possibly under UN auspices – to seal the borders not only between North and South Vietnam but also North Vietnam and Laos. As presently constituted, the International Control Commissions now entrusted with this task under the 1954 Geneva Agreement are virtually powerless and might have to be superseded by a broadened international commission operating under new terms of reference. In the long run, however, the expansion of Chinese power into the Mekong Valley can be countered only by a massive commitment of US economic resources. With US support for the multinational $1 billion Mekong hydroelectric project (now in the hands of surveyors and engineers working on a $14 million ECAFE grant), Laos, Cambodia and South Vietnam might be drawn gradually into UN-administered confederal arrangements spanning the three existing national sovereignties. Elections could be projected five or ten years from the start of the confederation looking to the possible reunification of Vietnam. In the interim, North Vietnam could be invited to join: if it did, it could be outvoted by the combined strength of Laos, Cambodia and South Vietnam, and if it did not, the responsibility for the division of Vietnam would rest with Hanoi.

Though China cannot be trusted to respect for long a Swedish or Swiss-style neutrality of the states along her periphery, the chances for an "Austrian" solution fostered by a general international concensus are still open. It is the forming of such a concensus with the Russians, the Indians, the British, the French and others that should in our view become the goal of US policy.

Tugging at the Leash

Although President Chiang Kai-shek speaks each year of imminent "liberation" of the Mainland, his words this year have been accompanied by an intensified military and emotional build-up. For the first time, the government has inaugurated training in the logistics of establishing rapport and efficient supply lines in a network of small coastal villages that could feed armies moving into the interior. The manpower used for this course was taken from the graduating classes of Taiwan universities last summer, trained from October until January, and is theoretically prepared to organize and mobilize small village units when and if Chiang sounds the attack. Men in the reserves who have been called back for refresher courses have been subjected to much more rigorous training than previously, including considerable field action under live fire.

The Taiwanese press plays up stories of troubles on the Mainland, especially food shortages; the cooling of relations between Red China and the USSR is interpreted as meaning that a half-million Nationalist troops could take the initiative without risking world war. The defection of a Communist pilot who flew his MIG-15 to freedom and a thousand ounces of gold late last February has been taken as another sign that perhaps now is the time to strike.

Everett Drumright's removal March 8 as US Ambassador after four exceedingly friendly years of duty in Taiwan put somewhat of a damper on this crescendo of preparation, for while recall was described as "routine," Mr. Drumright has not yet been replaced. Likewise, the State Department's publication of the 1943 China papers, which Ambassador Drumright is said to have opposed, did nothing to reassure the Nationalists. "Ill-advised and ill-timed," "unnecessary," "naïve," were the comments made in Taiwan.

What appears to be at work here is a deliberate effort by the US to open our China policy to a more flexible range of alternatives – although alternatives acceptable both to Washington and Taiwan are thus far unidentified. The big question is how far the Nationalists will go on their own. A government that spends nearly 75

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percent of its annual revenue on defense and has received approximately $2 billion in military assistance since the start of the US aid program in 1951 has accumulated considerable power.

In an important exchange of notes in December, 1954, Chiang agreed that since "the use of force . . . by either of the Parties affects the other, it is agreed that such force will be a matter of joint agreement, subject to action of an emergency character which is clearly an exercise of the inherent right of self-defense." This is known as the "lend-leash" clause. Last week, President Kennedy said that "we have not been consulted" [by Chiang], and that he had "not heard that any new proposal is now under consideration."

Visitor from Brazil

Throughout three decades, Brazil's internal disorders have been healed without bloodshed or crude Army intervention. For a short time after the resignation of President Janio Quadros last year, a few military leaders – Marshal Denys, Admiral Heck, General Moss – tried to prevent Vice President Goulart from returning home (he had been in Moscow and Peking) and assuming the Presidential office which was his under the Constitution. But public opinion, the majority of the Brazilian Congress and half the Army stood firmly behind legality. Overnight, the Brazilian Congress changed the Constitution, transforming a Presidential regime into a parliamentary one. Thereupon, Jango Goulart was sworn in as President. The letter of the democratic law was respected, even by those to whom Goulart's reputation as a "leftist" was as distasteful as the "neutralism" of Quadros had been.

President Goulart, who is in Washington this week with a caravan of about one hundred diplomats, experts and newsmen to visit President Kennedy, is, like Mr. Kennedy, a young man (44). After the near chaos of last fall, he has become a sort of life-saver to whom Brazilians on the left, in the center and on the right cling. Yet the internal problems with which he must contend are staggering. For example, the President told the Brazilian-American Chamber of Commerce recently that he welcomes foreign capital and promises its security. Then, on the eve of Goulart's departure for Washington talks on further US aid through the Alliance for Progress, the Governor of the State of Guanabara (Rio de Janeiro), Carlos Lacerda, moved to take over the Canadian-owned telephone company of Rio. This followed by a little over a month, similar state expropriation (by Goulart's brother-in-law, Governor Brizola) of the American-owned Telephone & Telegraph Company in Rio Grande.

Both of these companies had failed to give the Brazilian public the kind of service they wanted and expected; and for good reason: rates could not keep pace with wild general inflation. On the other hand, both expropriations were inspired more by provincial political ambitions than by considerations of the general welfare. The Brazilian and US governments had been searching for a formula that would avert just such impulsive expropriations of a public utility, or at least provide for an orderly transfer of ownership and investments. Washington has been considering loans to the Brazilian *Banco do Desenvolvienento* which, in turn, might have helped the Brazilian Government, through some financial device not clearly established, to buy up foreign-owned companies, paying their owners fair compensation.

Governor Lacerda knew of these exploratory talks between his government and Washington, for they had been reported in the Brazilian press. He perhaps guessed that President Goulart had plans to nationalize the Rio telephone company. Lacerda's initiative can thus be viewed as an attempt to beat Goulart to the punch, strengthen his own position in his state, and embarrass the federal government. An aggressive Rightist, Lacerda's excuse ("I don't want funds of the Alliance for Progress to be used to buy up private companies") showed him to be superficially more Catholic than the Pope, and more pro-reform than the most ardent friends of the Alliance for Progress.

The Liberal Revival

Recent British by-elections have underlined the point made some weeks ago by our correspondent in London – Macmillan's government, though it will hold on another year or two, no longer enjoys the support of a majority of the voters and is under increasing attack from its own ranks. The Conservative vote slumped in all four constituencies, and in one, Orpington, the 1959 Tory majority of 15,000 votes was converted into a Liberal majority of 8,000. If the Orpington vote were reproduced in a General Election, the Conservatives would end up with only seven seats! Lord Hailsham, in many ways the Conservative Aneurin Bevan, seized on the Orpington result to say in Macmillan's presence that: "You can't lead the Conservative Party from behind like the Duke of Plaza Toro or with bits of paper written by civil servants."

Orpington has led some politicians to revive the idea that the Liberal and Labour Parties should make an alliance under which they would agree to withdraw in one another's favor according to the situation in individual constituencies, so that the anti-Conservative majority in the country could be reflected in Parliament. The difficulty is that Liberal voters are, in two

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cases out of three, merely disgruntled Tories, not potential Labourites. Theirs is essentially a protest vote, whose American equivalent is staying home on election day. For this reason, it pays the Labour Party to get a Liberal candidate to stand in every district, since this more often than not splits the anti-Labour vote and makes it possible for more Labour candidates to get a plurality. But it would not pay Labour to enter a formal alliance, since most Liberal protest votes would then revert to the Conservatives, not to the "Lib-Labs." If the recent by-elections do not, however, foreshadow a Lib-Lab get together, they may foreshadow growing, indirect liberal influence in both parties. For Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Macmillan, like Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Nixon, read the returns and see the importance of charming those middle-class suburbanites who wobble from side to side, election to election.

Mr. Justice White

The appointment of a Supreme Court Justice is always something of a shot in the dark. The relevant public record of Byron R. White, 44, the Deputy Attorney General, is as follows: A brilliant career as a college and law school student, capped by a clerkship to the late Chief Justice Vinson; 13 wholly creditable years of private practice in Colorado; starting early in 1960, vigorous political activity on behalf of his old acquaintance, John F. Kennedy; over a year in his present office, during which the most visible part of his performance was the active role he played in the suppression of the Montgomery freedom ride riots. For the rest, the quality of his service can so far be evaluated only by his superiors and associates. To them, he is esteemed for his probing intellect and a balanced commitment to human rights: Speaking just before his appointment on the permissibility of carefully safeguarded wiretapping, he said, "After all, the citizen has the civil right to be protected against organized crime." One colleague has predicted that Mr. White is likely to be found "a bit to the left of Mr. Justice Potter."

On the record, the new Justice is well-qualified, and perhaps, as the Bar Association declared, exceptionally well-qualified, though it is good to know that the President scarcely took the Bar Association's word for it. Mr. White lacks judicial experience, as did some of the greatest of his predecessors. He is young, but some of his prospective colleagues (Douglas and Stewart) were as young or younger. He has been a political partisan ("I became a Democrat because I thought they had the better and more useful program during the 1930's and when I returned to Colorado their candidates appealed to me more"), and has held executive office. In this respect also he fits thoroughly adequate traditions.

Footnotes *to the* Week

THE SENATE is expected to give Mr. Kennedy authority to buy up to $1 million in UN bonds, as a result of last-minute intervention by the White House staff. Aiken of Vermont wants the purchases spaced out, on the theory this will prod delinquent UN members to pay up. House consideration may be deferred until after certain primary filing dates in the South have gone by: a number of Southern Congressmen say they will vote for the bonds, once they are sure they face no primary opponent. —— RICHARD NIXON *wrote in his book,* Six Crises, *that the Woodstock typewriter on which Mrs. Alger Hiss allegedly typed incriminating documents for relay to the Soviet spy courier, Whittaker Chambers, was first located by the FBI. But the FBI's assistant director, opposing Hiss' bid for a new trial, swore the Bureau "never did have in its possession" the Woodstock. Now Nixon has repudiated his recollection, blaming a researcher for the "error" in* Six Crises. *Since Nixon must have read his own manuscript and was familiar with the minutest details of the Hiss Case, the Attorney General should tell the public which Nixon statement is correct.* —— THE TAX BILL before the Senate is the first, real loophole-closing, tax-equalizing measure in 12 years. Though the original Administration plan for tightening up expense account deductions was emasculated by the Ways and Means Committee, worst abuses will be curbed. Savings and Loan, and fire and casualty insurance companies will pay more taxes. Most important, the 20 percent withholding provision on dividends will pick up considerable revenue previously lost because stock and bond holders failed to report all income. —— "SHERIFF" MINOW *of the FCC has not disarmed. He warned broadcasters last week that "In too many communities, to twist the radio dial today is to be shoved through a bazaar, a clamorous Casbah of pitchmen and commercials which plead, bleat, pressure, whistle, groan and shout. Too many stations have turned themselves into public franchised jukeboxes."* —— SINO-SOVIET competition is documented in a letter received last month by a Brazilian newspaper editor from the "Chinese People's Committee for World Peace" in Peking. It read in part: "The decision of September, 1956, that the International Stalin Peace Prize should be renamed 'International Lenin Peace Prize' was a unilateral step taken without proper consultation and without the agreement of all the forces represented in the World Peace Movement. . . . The struggle for peace should continue to be linked with the glorious name of Comrade J. V. Stalin. . . . The Chinese People's Committee for World Peace has therefore decided to create an International Stalin Peace Prize. . . ."

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Back to Work

The Administration is not easy in its mind about the economy, and although the therapy it prescribes may be less drastic than that recommended by Edwin L. Dale, Jr., in this issue of *The New Republic*, there is no inclination in the White House merely to let nature take its course. Secretary Hodges' announcement that the economy is lagging at a rate "slightly off" forecasts at the opening of the year is directly related to Mr. Kennedy's new proposal for an immediate $600 million capital improvements investment in distressed areas.

Between January and March, the Gross National Product ran at an annual rate of $548 billion – $6 billion better than the last quarter of 1961, but $7 billion worse than had been anticipated. Consumer spending is moving up steadily, yet more than 4.5 million are still unemployed, 1.4 million of whom have been looking for work for at least 15 weeks and many for at least half a year. Unemployment is especially bad in the construction trades: only about five percent of all workers are in these trades, but construction workers make up 14 percent of those out of work for long periods. Investment in new plant and equipment is still below 1956-57 levels, and in only one of the past 52 months has the seasonally-adjusted rate of unemployment dropped below five percent.

The President proposes not one remedy, but a battery of them. All are calculated to curb down swings and reverse them faster: emergency extension of unemployment insurance benefits, as well as permanent improvement of insurance to cover more workers and provide longer periods of compensation; authority for partial suspension of income taxes on a temporary basis at the onset of a recession; tax incentives to encourage more investment in machinery and equipment; stand-by authority to initiate public capital improvements when a decline seems to be on its way; and now, authority for immediate initiation of a limited ($600 million) capital improvements program. The stand-by authority would enable Mr. Kennedy to release up to $2 billion for several kinds of outlays in the construction field: $750 million for federal projects; a like amount for grants-in-aid to state and local governments on a matching basis; $250 million for loans to state and local governments for construction projects; and $250 million as an unassigned reserve. The projects must be new, or new parts of an ongoing program, and they must be capable of being started promptly and of being completed within 12 months.

In brief, the President hopes to trigger counter-cyclical action before a recession accumulates momentum. He could declare a "capital acceleration" period 60 days after a given rise in the unemployment rate is found to have persisted for a certain time. This period could not last longer than one year without affirmative Congressional action to prolong it, and the President could terminate it sooner. If used to the maximum, the proposed stand-by authority would add some $5.5 billion to the Gross National Product, and could produce from 420,000 to 520,000 man years of work.

The urgent $600 million "public works" expenditure the President hopes Congress will approve promptly would have its sharpest impact in the 852 chronically hard-hit areas designated for assistance under the Area Redevelopment Act, and the 106 communities which have been rated areas of substantial unemployment (over six percent) for at least a year. The types of projects for which federal aid would be given on a half-and-half matching basis, include water supplies, sewage systems, public buildings such as hospitals or civic centers, roads, airfields, ports. Suggested federal projects range from conservation measures to the construction of laboratories, research and training facilities. In other words, investment in those public services in which the country is in short supply.

The handling of this $600 million will require some care if the program is not to become what some of its Congressional opponents have already called it – a warmed-over WPA, or a plain pork barrel. Unless a parallel effort is made by the redevelopment authority and by local groups to attract new levels of managerial capacity, and with them new occupations into the areas whose facilities are to be improved, these areas will merely be pleasanter places in which to continue being unemployed, after having supplied temporary employment during the construction period.

Minority Government

As Professor Bickel explains in this issue, the Court's role in determining the composition of legislatures is a very limited one. What the Court can do and has done is nudge politicians to take more seriously their responsibility for correcting "arbitrary and capricious" districting (the words are Justice Brennan's).

There has been no redistricting in Vermont, for example, since 1793; 11.6 percent of the population can elect enough legislators to control the Vermont House. In Connecticut, less than 10 percent of the population elect a majority of the lower house, thanks to the rule that every town has one representative: the smallest district (191 people) has the same representation as one with a population of 81,081.

In 1955, the National Municipal League published an article in the *National Municipal Review* by two University of Florida professors who demonstrated that between 1937 and 1955, malapportionment worsened considerably in more than three-fourths of the states.

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As a result of those findings, the League undertook a comprehensive study of legislative apportionment. Its study, recently made public, shows that state legislatures have become even more unrepresentative than they were in 1955. 6,731 people in Alabama have the same numerical strength in the lower house of the legislature as 104,767 living in another district. In Delaware, 58,228 people have the same number of delegates in the lower house as a district with 1,643 residents. In Georgia, equal representation in the lower house is enjoyed by a county with 311,682 people, and one with 2,868. The Florida Senate can be controlled by legislators elected by 12.3 percent of the population; the House by 14.7 percent. Similar extreme disparities are found in Kansas, Mississippi, Missouri, Nevada, New Mexico, Iowa, North Carolina, Oklahoma and, of course, in Tennessee.

Since it is unrepresentative state legislatures which carve out the size and shape of Congressional districts, unrepresentativeness in the state is writ large in the national House of Representatives. Richard S. Childs, Chairman of the National Municipal League, estimates that it will take another 10 years before this situation can be rectified: Few state legislators take kindly to voting themselves out of a job.

It has been claimed that redistricting which brings legislative representation more in line with population shifts would benefit only the Democrats, for the Democrats have strong support from urban voters who are disadvantaged by the present malapportionment. But Mr. Childs points out that Republicans are doing well in the newer suburban areas, and it is suburban populations who are the most aggrieved in many instances and whose political power would be enhanced by redistricting. Thus, while New York City is close to having its share of representation in the state legislature, newly expanding suburbs are underrepresented.

The Fourth Network

Although 29 states now have educational television stations, most school children still cannot learn by looking through ETV's electronic window. Shortly, however, Congress is expected to pass legislation that will expand this audience considerably.

The original House bill, introduced four years ago, authorized $52 million in federal grants, to be matched dollar-for-dollar locally, for construction of ETV facilities. But the Rules Committee needs time to get used to new ideas, particularly those costing money. It got around to clearing ETV for floor consideration late last month. In the meantime, the bill's sponsor, Rep. Kenneth A. Roberts (D, Ala.), had made the measure more palatable to the Rules Committee by cutting the proposed federal contribution to $25 million. The Senate has endorsed a somewhat similar bill: $50 million in federal subsidies but no local matching funds required. Conferees from the two chambers will get together after Easter.

In many cities, the magnetism of a 50 percent federal grant will be strong enough to attract an equal amount of local financing. But these cities may not be the best places to locate new educational stations. ETV is most needed where museums, libraries, theaters, colleges and concert halls are lacking – where the cultural climate is chilliest. Under the House bill, these areas will benefit least, because they are the least likely to match federal funds. The House bill is especially perverse in this respect, since it increases the federal subsidy from 50 percent to 75 percent for communities which have already built ETV stations.

The much discussed "fourth network" is handicapped likewise by the fact that most future educational television stations will be compelled to operate on UHF (ultra high frequency) channels, since VHF channels are already taken. Yet few TV receivers now have the $30-40 adapter needed to pick up UHF. A bill to require manufacturers to equip all future sets for UHF and VHF reception is before Congress, but manufacturers and many Congressmen are against it, believing it might "give the FCC blank-check power to regulate the television receiver manufacturing industry." One way to boost the audience for educational stations using UHF would be to provide UHF adapters at federal expense, paying for them by charging licensing fees to commercial UHF stations. Once large numbers of people were able to tune in UHF signals, aspiring commercial broadcasters who can't get VHF licenses would probably pay handsomely for UHF permits.

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Seeing But Not Believing

In the dim, distant future perhaps some reincarnation of a Greek tragedian rummaging through dusty archives will run across the story of Algeria and do it justice. It will not happen in our time; we are too close to it. But the most superficial observer, even today, can hardly escape awareness of elements in this affair that extend beyond his comprehension. Here is a set of men who have deliberately cut themselves off from all hope, all possibility of sanctuary, all friendship. With an overwhelming majority of Moslems already against them, they have shot down French soldiers, thereby closing metropolitan France as completely as the African countryside is already closed to them. Freud has familiarized us with the idea of the death-wish in individuals, but to find it in masses of men is new and startling. Its only parallel is the spectacle of the lemmings, pouring across Norway into the sea; and that hints of some force abroad in the world that we cannot identify, much less understand, but whose power is deadly.

Apparently the Algerian rebels are convinced that the world must be as they wish it to be, and can be no other. To their minds it is impossible that France should be against them; all the stern warnings from Paris have been wasted. That they should acknowledge the equality of the Moslems is unthinkable, though they are dying for their inability to think it.

The basic phenomenon, it is true, is familiar enough. It is demonstrated to some degree by every diehard minority. Judah P. Benjamin, withdrawing to Europe, and those Confederates who left for Brazil, were unable to admit that Appomattox, with all that it implied, was a fact. But these simply moved, they did not condemn themselves to death rather than accept reality in place of their fantasies. The Algerian rebels have done so, and in so doing have given all of us a chilling demonstration of the flimsiness of what we call rationality. We have long been accustomed to the idea that civilization is a thin crust covering the volcanic heats of barbarism; now Algeria suggests that sanity is as thin a crust over what dark forces we do not know.

But it is enough to jolt severely the optimism of those who have laid the flattering unction to their souls that the appeal to reason is enough to eliminate certainly and soon the inflammation that troubles the modern world. Surely, the Arabs must ere long realize that Israel exists. Surely, the Cubans must quickly perceive that such a leader as Castro is a disaster. Surely the Argentinians must soon understand that it is as much to their interest as ours to prevent dictatorship from mastering their country again. Well, we once thought that the Secret Army would dissolve as soon as it was made plain that France meant business.

But it didn't, and since it didn't it may be necessary to revise upward our estimate of the time it will take to persuade Mississippi that the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States are not figments of the imagination; and to convince a dyed-in-the wool John Birchite that the figure "1962" printed on the calendar is not a printer's error, but represents reality, the old reality that times change and we are changed with them.

Algeria is an excessive price to pay for any lesson in deportment, but it may not be a total loss if it teaches realists in this country what a long row they have to hoe. In the past, many of them have grown tired too soon and have quit. It has been the curse of liberalism throughout our national history that so many hug the delusion that Rome was built in a day. Learning that it is not so is the acid test that distinguishes the true from the pseudo-liberal; for the permanent liberal is a realist, or he is nothing. The pseudo-liberal is, in less extreme fashion, as hopelessly deluded as the troops of the Secret Army.

Yet when men in large numbers seek the grave rather than believe the evidence of their own eyes, the incident chills to the marrow all those who have rejected the Hegelian dictum that nations learn nothing from history. The man who is completely beyond the reach of suggestion, that is to say, one who actually can learn nothing, is psychotic. It is a dreadful condition, but as long as it is confined to an individual here and there society can manage to live with it. When it spreads to thousands, though, and results in the destruction of whole cities, it gives us gooseflesh.

People who have been accustomed to read with curiosity, but not with alarm, records of the Adamites, the dancing mania, and other instances of mass hysteria in the Middle Ages, must think again. We are perhaps not as far from such visitations as we who have believed in the real, if slow, spread of intelligence have been pleased to think.

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What About Those Unemployed?

by Edwin L. Dale, Jr.

Is the American economic "problem" – unemployment, slow growth, low rate of investment, high costs – really as easy to solve as it seems from Western Europe? I think so. It can be solved by more demand. And in the first instance the government alone, mainly through its budget policy (*i.e.*, high and rising spending, with deficits as necessary) can create more demand.

The present Administration is acting vaguely, cautiously, almost reluctantly as if it were aware of this. It may get away with the trick it is trying: to be fairly modern while seeming to be orthodox and conservative. It is gently, rather shamefacedly pushing up the budget while professing its faith in orthodoxy. But, again looking from Western Europe, one has two fears.

First, the mentality of the Congress, and almost certainly the American electorate, is so old-fashioned that verbal tricks are necessary to put over even the minimum necessary to keep the American economy firmly on the road to expansion. Sen. Harry Byrd, Ev and Charlie, Judge Howard Smith have 3 million unemployed on their conscience, but they do not know it. Every day in every way they will fight to prevent the aggressive expansionary policy (a sharply rising budget in present circumstances) that would put the unemployed back to work.

They believe, sincerely, that high budgets and deficits are bad for us when in fact high budgets, preferably with deficits for a while, are the one thing that can easily save us. As long as they believe this, the Administration may not get away with its good sense.

Second, there is a widespread unawareness in the United States, even among liberals, of the staggering importance of high demand in getting done what has to be done in the economy – above all, putting people to work. If it were not so tragic, it would be amusing to read of liberals in the Administration and Congress and the press talking about automation and the growth of the labor force as a "cause" of unemployment. Europe is "automating" faster than the United States and some countries (West Germany for example) have had a far faster growth in the labor force; but the trouble in Europe is lack of labor. There is no unemployment. The simple and single reason is high demand.

We have had insufficient demand in the United States because our government willed it so. It is time Americans of all political persuasions awakened to the appalling consequences of the wrong economic policies of the last years of the Eisenhower Administration.

These policies were not made by evil men. As one who at the time thought they made sense, I can claim they were not self-evidently wrong. But how terribly wrong they were!

For reasons that will be noted in a moment, George Humphrey, William McChesney Martin, Robert Anderson, Maurice Stans, Raymond Saulnier and others stayed awake nights during much of the last decade figuring out how to restrict demand. They curbed the federal budget whenever and wherever they could, and they imposed tight money whenever the economy was expanding. They succeeded in restricting demand.

The result? A still-secret, unanimous report by a working party composed of all 20 members of the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD) gives the answer. The working party had the task of examining the economic growth records of the countries of Western Europe and North America in the past decade and finding out why Europe grows so much faster than America. Its conclusion about the United States is unequivocal: US growth was slow in the last half of the decade because of "insufficient pressure of demand." It clearly implies that this was the government's fault.

Another unanimous OECD report, public but not widely reported, charges in polite words that restrictive government budget and monetary policy was the reason for the 1960-61 American recession and the subsequent high unemployment.

The connection is direct. Slow growth equals high unemployment, above all in the case of the US. Overcurbing expansion produces recession. Government can turn demand on and it can turn demand off; the American Government turned it off, mainly by trying to create a surplus in the conventional budget through the device of checking spending. It usually didn't get the surplus because the economy was so sluggish.

The famous "ratcheting upward" of unemployment since the Korean War – with each business cycle peak showing a higher level of unemployment than the one before – is no mystery. It is not something "structural." It is the consequence of decisions by Messrs. Humphrey, Martin, Anderson, Stans and Saulnier, heartily backed by Messrs. Byrd, Dirksen, Halleck and Smith. In short, the men who ran the country. Needless to say,

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President Eisenhower was fully in accord with them.

To their credit, these men had a reason for curbing demand. They were worried about inflation, not only the mild inflation that existed but the growth of "inflationary psychology." At a terrible price, they managed to kill inflation. American wholesale prices have not risen for nearly four years; the infinitesimal rise in consumer prices is almost entirely attributable to the special case of services.

To their discredit they, or rather some of them, were plainly ignorant about the modern economy. George Humphrey thought a rising budget would bring a "depression that will curl your hair" when the exact opposite was true: a failure to allow the budget to rise sufficiently (or to cut taxes instead) brought gradually increasing unemployment and occasional recession.

Robert Anderson and Maurice Stans produced the massively restrictive fiscal wrench that was the 1960 budget – a wrench that even conservative economists like William Butler of the Chase Manhattan Bank now recognize as excessive – on the ground it was needed to restore "confidence" in the dollar abroad. In fact, by bringing on a premature recession, it produced the most serious flight from the dollar and loss of gold in modern history.

Ironically, all the talk at the time was about how

Quivering Needles

dangerously the budget was rising, or would rise, unless drastic action were taken to curb it! We were fighting the wrong war, at the wrong time, against the wrong enemy. Many of us still are.

In some apparently wasted words, the reports in January of President Kennedy's Council of Economic Advisers and of the OECD have recognized what happened. Our error was partially understandable. Our budget was becoming increasingly restrictive even as it appeared to rise, and regardless of whether the conventional accounts at the end of the year showed a deficit or a surplus.

By using the brilliant device of describing budgets in terms of their "full employment surplus," and measuring them by the national economic accounts instead of by our hopelessly misleading conventional accounting, the Council of Economic Advisers has shown what took place. The last two Eisenhower budgets, partly innocently, were the most restrictive since before the Great Depression. The results are plain to see.

One reason for this is the dynamite hidden in our tax system. In brief, it is so sensitive to the business cycle that our spending-receipts equation automatically becomes restrictive (*i.e.*, a "true" budget surplus) within a matter of months of the beginning of the upward phase of the business cycle, and recovery is snubbed, unless something is done. The "something," of course, must be higher spending or a tax cut. The British Conservative Government, with all its troubles, has been careful to keep full employment by cutting taxes every time the budget moved automatically toward a dangerous surplus. The Eisenhower Administration, despite its abhorrence of taxes, would not even do this.

In any event, restrictive budgets in the US – innocent in part but mainly purposeful – produced precisely the effect that modern economics and Western European experience could have predicted: slow growth, unemployment and a low rate of investment in plant and equipment. The low rate of growth and of investment, in turn, contributed their part in raising our costs and thus making more difficult the solution of our balance of payments problem.

The present Administration, or part of it, realizes all this. But because of the amazingly old-fashioned climate of American opinion, it has to play with fire by aiming at a balanced budget, when any self-respecting European Government, in present American conditions and given American budget accounting, would aim for a sizable deficit. Thus we may be stuck with unemployment for a while longer.

Of course, Americans can go on having unemployment if they want to enjoy their quaint ideas about "deficits," the "national debt" and the "dangers" of government spending. Seems a pity, though, for the unemployed.

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The Great Apportionment Case

by Alexander M. Bickel

Baker v Carr, the great Tennessee apportionment case that came like a thunder clap from the Supreme Court on March 26, is only a rather tentative beginning, although four concurring and dissenting Justices addressed themselves vigorously to large ends. The millenium has not arrived for urban voters under-represented in legislatures, nor is it in sight. Another forum, heretofore closed, has been opened, in which they may push their fight, but they will be snatching defeat from the jaws of victory if they now concentrate all their energies on law-suits and focus their hopes of ultimate success on the judiciary.

The trouble in Tennessee is the trouble in many states and in not a few Congressional districts as well, though as I shall suggest, there are aggravating conditions in Tennessee that may not obtain elsewhere. The counties and districts are allotted representatives in the General Assembly of Tennessee in numbers that are wildly disproportionate to population figures. Thus counties with populations respectively of 2,340 and 3,084 have exactly the same representation as counties inhabited by 25,316 and 33,990. The small counties are rural, the large urban, and the consequence is that the urban vote is gravely debased.

Having been unsuccessful in other attempts to secure a more equitable apportionment of legislative seats, plaintiffs, who are urban voters disadvantaged as indicated, sued in federal District Court for a declaration that this inequality of representation abridged their federal Constitutional right to equal protection of the law. They sought an order enjoining state officials from holding any further elections under the law which creates these inequalities, and, if no new apportionment act were passed, either a decree actually apportioning Tennessee in proper fashion, or an order to hold all further elections at large. The District Court dismissed the suit out of hand. Reversing, the Supreme Court reinstated the suit and directed the District Court to proceed to trial and judgment. The opinion for a majority of six was by Mr. Justice Brennan. There were three individual concurrences. Justice Stewart sought to emphasize the narrow scope of what had actually been decided. Justices Douglas and Clark declared their readiness to go farther. And there were two elaborate and deeply-felt dissents, by Justices Frankfurter and Harlan, who deplored the step that had been taken, let alone any further one.

The decision must be understood against its judicial background. The Court had previously declined to intervene in a number of instances in which its aid in curing malapportionment had been sought, but these were assuredly not holdings that the malapportionments in question were constitutional, or that the Constitution barred judicial intervention. The Court abstained for discretionary reasons which I shall attempt to outline presently, and which have by no means lost all their force and relevance for the future. In *Baker v Carr* the trial court, not unnaturally, thought it was incumbent upon it to follow the practice of abstention. All the Supreme Court did on March 26 was to say that the trial court need not feel bound to abstain, but that it may hear the case and see in what respects the Tennessee malapportionment may be thought to violate constitutional principle, and to what extent the judiciary should do anything about it. The Court itself laid down no affirmative rules of proper apportionment, nor can it really expect the lower courts to do so. This means that there is a long, long trail awinding to an uncertain destination, in Tennessee itself, let alone in all the other states in which suits will now promptly be brought.

All would be relatively simple if one could assert with moral certainty that inequality of representation in whatever form is wrong on principle, as inequality in the legal status or treatment of the races is wrong in all its forms. But however it may seem to the inhabitants of Memphis, Atlanta, New York City or New Haven, Conn., that is not a tenable position. The manner of constructing deliberative representative institutions, responsive to the views, the interests and the aspirations of their constituencies and yet not so fragmented or finely balanced as to be incapable of decisive action; capable of decisive action yet identified with the people; and containing within themselves the people's diversities so as to be able always to generate consent or at least acquiescence – the manner of achieving such institutions is not laid down in any book of principles, moral or otherwise. It is a highly pragmatic task. Equality of representation is one goal among many, to be accommodated to others. Who, after all, remembering the Weimar Republic or the Fourth Republic of France, favors proportional representation?

As Professor Herbert Wechsler has written of the

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federal arrangement – and the same thing is true of course on the smaller scale of the states – the need is for "government responsive to the will of the full national constituency, without loss of responsiveness to lesser voices, reflecting smaller bodies of opinion, in areas that constitute their own legitimate concern." Nationally as well as in the states (with, I believe, the single partial exception of unicameral Nebraska), the need is met not by one but by a troika of institutions, each answering to a differently weighted constituency, with the executive's normally being the most straightout majoritarian. And the institutions sometimes trade constituencies. The federal Senate used to be the redoubt of localism, but owing to the 17th Amendment and the rise of the city, it is so no more. That role has been assumed by the more highly fragmented House, in which many isolated or obsolescent interests now find representation and some power. It should be added that power in American governments has for generations gravitated steadily to executives; that yet another consideration is the stability and vitality of a two-party system; that cities have substantial functions of self-government; that the influence of the vote is not all that counts in government or even in elections, and that cities are where most of the physical wealth and the means of communication and persuasion are.

The Court's Limited Role

All this is not to deny that the malapportionment of the General Assembly of Tennessee – which was last malapportioned in 1901 – may pass all limits of what is necessary, or sensible, or tolerable as serving any conceivable rational purpose other than the perpetuation of a willful oligarchy. It is merely to say what majorities of the Court have indicated in the past – and what is not really denied in *Baker v Carr* – namely, that the manner of apportionments, state and federal, cannot generally be governed by a judicially-enforced principle. For no such principle is to be found in our tradition, and nobody, least of all the Justices, has since invented an acceptable one. The Court is not a fit body to take over from political institutions the pragmatic, necessarily unprincipled management of the complex and often curious adjustments that have made us a democracy (whatever exactly that may mean) and maintained us as such. That would be too much like playing de Gaulle to the American Republic, and we are not as distracted as all that.

What *Baker v Carr* decided was not what function the Court is to perform in legislative apportionment, and certainly not whether it is to take over full management, but whether it can play any role at all. It may be agreed that all the Court is fit to do is to assert and impose the principle of equality of representation suggested by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, and that this principle cannot be alone decisive. Yet to admit that equality of representation is merely one goal subject to pragmatic compromises, on which, in turn, it is not for the Court to pass judgment – to admit this does not mean that the Court is foreclosed from finding that an occasional malapportionment is the result merely of inertia and oligarchic entrenchment, rather than of deliberate if imperfect judgment by the political institutions. In such circumstances, in the face of so faint an assertion, if any, by the political institutions of countervailing considerations, may not the goal of equal representation retain enough vitality to enable the Court, which is its guardian, to prod the political institutions into action?

And that, after all, is likely to be the upshot of *Baker v Carr*. If, as the proof at a forthcoming trial will bear out, Tennessee malapportionment under the 1901 Act is quite extreme, and if, as is likely, since the malapportionment is apparently in violation of Tennessee's own constitution, no special reasons can be articulated in support of the present situation, one form of judicial decree or another will build effective pressure for legislative action, which may ameliorate the inequity somewhat. The pressure will be effective: more easily effective, one may confidently expect, than decrees in some school desegregation cases have been. If a legislature is ordered to hold no further elections before enacting a new apportionment law, defiance is conceivable, of course. But there is no police state among the 50 states, and public opinion will not tolerate (nor will governors, who are more responsive to the full electorate) either the breakdown of state government, or its constitution in what will widely be regarded as illegitimate fashion. Once a new apportionment statute, curing the situation in some degree, has been passed, however, the function of the judicial process will have been exhausted. And in states that do not exhibit the Tennessee extremities, and in which apportionment is of more recent vintage, there is still likely to be no federal judicial intervention at all.

"It is hostile to a democratic system," said Mr. Justice Frankfurter in 1946, refusing, in *Colegrove v Green*, to reapportion Illinois' Congressional districts, "to involve the judiciary in the politics of the people." It remains hostile. And to undertake control of apportionment, quite unlike undertaking control of racial classifications in elections and primaries as well as in schools, would be to enter into the politics of the people, for apportionment is necessarily a very high percentage of politics with a very small admixture of definable principle. In race relations, the proportions should be pretty well reversed. And so most likely, *Baker v Carr* is as far as the help of the judicial process can be enlisted; which, though it is help, is not very far.

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Why Frondizi Lost

Cuba, Conservatives and the Argentine

by Henry Raymont

The quiet that settled over Latin America immediately following the controversial conference of foreign ministers at Punta del Este had an ominous meaning to expert readers of the political barometer. There were fears that the meeting's condemnation of Cuba would inflame political passions throughout the Hemisphere and make it even harder to move in the direction charted by the Alliance for Progress. These fears were confirmed. The quiet was broken by successive crises in Brazil, the Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Argentina and Peru.

The arrest of President Frondizi by the military in Argentina is an especially vivid illustration of the failure of the moderate democratic reformer, and of the consequences of US preoccupation with "the problem of Castro." Here, in the Argentine, we have a classical pre-revolutionary situation: an intransigent, selfish, extreme Right, a militant, radical Left, and a numerically significant but hopelessly divided liberal center. On the one side, reformist elements are obstructed at every turn by the self-defeating policies of an oligarchy clinging to its privileges. On the other side, Communists and plain demagogues exploit the impatience and deep frustration of millions of indigents no longer willing to tolerate the paradox of ostentatious wealth and widespread misery; democratic reform, they are told, is a tool of "Yankee imperialism"; radical revolution is their only hope.

Most newspaper reports appear to have missed the point by portraying the Argentine election in March as a popularity contest between Frondizi and Peron. Ironically, the voters vindicated many policies Frondizi sought to follow after taking office in 1958. One of his first aims was the "pacification" of militant, disenfranchised Peronista elements that had plagued the provisional government of General Aramburu with terrorism and labor unrest. In this he succeeded.

But all Frondizi's subsequent efforts to make concessions to this important political group were firmly resisted by the unyielding coalition of landed and industrial interests and the military. This right-wing bloc scoffed at Frondizi's concern over Peronist strength and denounced it as an artifice to conceal his "Communist sympathies." Not content with having forced the government to adopt strong anti-labor measures, the Right sought also to preclude any leaning toward the Left in foreign policy. It was this that lay behind most of the 35 previous military attempts to overthrow the Frondizi government.

During his campaign in 1957 Frondizi used every device in a crafty politician's handbook to seduce the Leftist and Peronist vote. He promised a measure of state control in the economy and vowed never to allow foreign capital to exploit the national oil resources. Such promises in a country on the verge of bankruptcy won him the reputation of a demagogue in moderate circles while his conciliatory attitude toward the Peronists earned him the undying animosity of influential Army officers and leading conservatives. Still, Frondizi won that election.

Not long after taking office, however, Frondizi shifted to the Right. Previous talk of state control gave way to close cooperation with the International Monetary Fund and the US Treasury. With their assistance Frondizi launched a stiff austerity program that was to restore Argentina's economic health and pave the way for rebirth of the free enterprise system that had been destroyed by 12 years of corruption and maladministration under Peron. Perhaps his most dramatic move was opening the inefficient state oil industry to exploitation by foreign companies. The former provisional government of General Aramburu, while dominated by conservatives who paid lip service to the blessings of a free economy, had not dared to do this.

Frondizi's leftist supporters felt he had betrayed them. They knew, too, that his austerity program would mean sacrifices by industrial and white-collar workers, while industry and commerce would reap its immediate benefits. It was an Argentine version of what was good for General Motors being good for the country.

In charge of Frondizi's economic planning was Rogelio Frigerio – ambitious, energetic, known more for his acumen than his scruples. A fairly sharp polem-

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icist who combined a smattering of Hegelian philosophy with a deep knowledge of practical politics and economics, Frigerio had been Frondizi's principal publicist during the '57 election and his liaison with leading Peronists. To offset the political impact of his unpopular economic measures, Frigerio pressed ahead with efforts to attract the Peronista bloc through a policy of "national conciliation." The immediate results were a sharp reduction of the terrorism and sabotage. Believing that minor political concessions to the workers might avert inflationary wage demands, the government promised to lift the ban on the predominantly Peronist General Labor Confederation (CGT).

When the conservatives got wind of this, they promptly enlisted Army support to force Frigerio's dismissal. It was no secret, however, that he continued to be one of the most influential men in the Frondizi administration and its principal contact with the labor groups. By the end of his first year in office, Frondizi had lost most of the Leftist following that had helped to elect him, yet he continued to be the target of the conservative press and in constant jeopardy from restive Army officers. Only after the Eisenhower Administration publicly hailed Argentina's economic stabilization program as an orthodox example for all other Latin American governments to follow did some of the harassment from the Right subside.

For the next 18 months conservative fire centered on alleged efforts by Frigerio to establish closer liaison between the government and Peronista forces. Actually on several occasions when some papers claimed he was visiting Peron in the Dominican Republic or Spain, Frigerio was conferring with State Department and Treasury officials on further loans.

The advent of the Kennedy Administration did little to discourage the Argentine President's enemies. Rightists went so far as to suggest that Kennedy's Latin American specialists were themselves "suspiciously socialistic" and that the danger of a "soft" policy toward Communism and Peronism was greater than ever. When Frondizi sought to disarm his opponents by stern police action against the Argentine Communist Party, the attacks turned on the supposed friendliness of some of his officials for the Castro regime. To nobody's surprise Frigerio was again singled out as the evil genius. It was of little consequence that the Communists had denounced Frigerio as a "national traitor" who was handing over the country to "rapacious Yankee imperialists," or that the Castro government leveled some of its choicest insults at Frondizi.

Despite these charges and counter-charges, the country was making slow but steady economic progress, thanks to the stabilization program. Industry was prospering; farm production was rapidly recovering from its slump. The Left, however, pointed out that the gains of the workers were in no ways commensurate with the rapid acceleration of the businessmen's profits.

Nevertheless, by the end of 1961 the economic gains seemed at least to have had some political resonance. In several provincial elections Frondizi's UCRI scored spectacular victories. In the second largest province, Santa Fe, Frondizi's candidate for governor received 300,000 votes and the only pro-Castro candidate ended fifth with 30,000.

But the government's victory touched off a new and bitter reaction. This time the Rightists turned on Frondizi's alliance with Brazil, Chile and Mexico in opposing sanctions against Cuba by the Organization of American States (OAS).

To head off what he feared would become a major split in the hemispheric alliance and a highly embarrassing domestic controversy, Frondizi had sent his Undersecretary of State, Oscar Camilion (subsequently ousted by demand of the military), to Washington a few weeks before the Punta del Este conference to say he saw no practical value in severing relations with Cuba, and that such a step would only expose his government to new charges of domination by Uncle Sam. Frondizi hoped that Washington would settle for the exclusion of Cuba from the OAS, leaving it up to each government to decide for itself how to handle its bilateral relations with Castro.

If some US officials were sympathetic to the suggestion, this was not revealed. At Punta del Este Secretary of State Dean Rusk joined with Peru and the Central American governments in demanding collective sanctions against Castro. Administration officials contended that there was no sense in following a more moderate path if, as a result, Congress would refuse to authorize the funds for Alliance projects.

The Punta del Este conference quickly produced the anticipated results:

– on the international level, the larger Latin American countries, reluctant to abandon hope that the Cuban question might eventually be settled within the hemispheric community, split with the majority demanding the Castro regime's outright exclusion.

– in Latin America the enemies of moderate democratic regimes acquired new ammunition and polarization between Right and Left was further intensified. In the Argentine Frondizi entered his worst and final political crisis.

If Frondizi agreed to an anti-Cuban boycott there was the danger of new violence by Castro sympathizers and Peronists whose real strength only Frondizi seemed to have assessed correctly. On the other hand, a refusal to vote for Cuba's immediate expulsion from the OAS would exacerbate the military and conservatives.

Frondizi's choice of the second alternative provoked a military demand that diplomatic relations with the

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Castro regime be broken. At first the President resisted. Addressing a political rally in the province of Parana – one of the 10 that subsequently gave Peronista forces a majority – Frondizi reiterated his decision to stand with Brazil and Chile on a moderate Cuban policy.

When it became clear that the military were determined to seize control on the eve of the elections, he yielded. In the last days of February Argentina became the thirteenth Latin American state to cut its diplomatic ties with Cuba. To hostile Leftist extremists and Peronists the decision confirmed their charges: Frondizi was a pawn of the State Department.

Actually, the military's ultimatum distressed rather than pleased Washington. During the Punta del Este conference, the US delegation, in a rare display of tact, had not tried to force a change in Argentina's position; and a fortnight before the elections Washington announced a new $150 million development credit in a belated attempt to bolster Frondizi. But the military was not appeased. Frondizi had to go.

Two years ago, there was much feeling among the Hemisphere's democratic leaders that the worst danger of Castroism was that it would revive the sentiment that only strong-armed military dictatorships could effectively counter Communism. Such a regression to a hated past would, they knew, play right into the hands of the Communists. Why hasn't the Right seen this? Yearning for the many-splendored comforts it once enjoyed, the reactionary Latin American elite not only disregards the ominous signs of discontent and social revolution throughout the continent; it also refuses to accept the compromises essential for its own survival. Yet short of an impossible return to the feudalistic practices of unlimited profit and heartless exploitation, the Right has everything to gain by the success of the moderates.

Frondizi, for example, restored the confidence of international capital in Argentina, stimulated industrial growth and expanded lagging beef and grain production. To do this within the framework of a free enterprise system the government had to take many orthodox economic measures that were highly unpopular with a labor force that for years had been spoiled by the empty promises and demagoguery of Peron. Frondizi knew this, but his attempt to soften the austerity measures and thus regain the confidence of the workers encountered immediate warnings of military action from the Right. A like fate befell any hint of concessions to the Left in foreign affairs.

To many, it was inconceivable that after the April 17 Cuban invasion fiasco and the slow start of the Alliance, Washington should have agreed to another sterile diplomatic exercise at Punta del Este, when leaders of the largest Latin American countries had warned that this would have dire effects on their internal stability. The argument that the United States Congress is angry and demands a "tough" policy on Cuba shrinks to insignificance when one considers what the legislative mood would be should Argentina or Brazil go Communist.

Central Africa: Test of Multi-Racial Rule

by Robert Rotberg

The Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, established by Great Britain in 1953, was the first major attempt to accommodate white rule to the dynamics of black African nationalism. Africans would, in theory, be treated gradually as more equal partners. A unique multi-racial society would be forged on the anvil of white privilege and black subservience. Together, it was thought, the "Privileged and the People" epitomized by Disraeli's "Two Nations" would link hands. The white colonial system, somewhat modified, would be secured. The Federation would thereby become a bulwark of the free world in its struggle with radical ideologies; its formation would also present an alternative to the overweening whiteness of South Africa and provide the investment-attracting advantages of size. Thus Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, two British protectorates, were joined to the self-governing colony of Southern Rhodesia despite vociferous African protest. And the resultant Federation was accorded what in practice amounted to independence, although the Protectorates also remained under Colonial Office control as far as local affairs were concerned.

As the British have recognized, the federal experiment was a total failure. Lip-service was duly paid to

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the ideal of multi-racialism, but in fact Federation only served to entrench white rule and white privilege in a Central Africa which now contains 300,000 whites and nine million Africans. Partnership continued to be the partnership of rider and horse. At the same time larger amounts of new capital were attracted to the Federation; copper boomed, the Kariba Dam was constructed athwart the Zambezi River, and Salisbury, the Federal capital, came to resemble the sky-scrapered cities of America. New immigrants, white miners, shopkeepers, and bankers all grew more wealthy. Similarly African living standards probably increased, albeit more slowly than their own rising expectations. They saw very little improvement in their lot, whether materially or spiritually, and they naturally continued to conspire against white rule. The African National Congresses of Nyasaland and the two Rhodesias agitated, boycotted, struck, and rioted against Federation and for the ideal of African self-government. In 1959 emergencies were proclaimed in all three territories. During 1960 African nationalism gained ground, however, as Macmillan's "wind of change" blew south across the continent. Nyasaland, an impoverished sliver of mountain and lake, has since elected an African majority government. Northern Rhodesia should have the same by October. What then is the future of Central Africa?

Britain has now placed herself on the African side in the struggle for control in the Federation. After a year of vacillation, she has granted a new constitution to Northern Rhodesia which will permit a small African majority. Whites – of the dominant United Federal Party (UFP) – will have 15 seats; blacks – of the powerful United National Independence Party (UNIP) and its weaker rival, the African National Congress (ANC) – will have 15 more places; the final 15 "national" seats will probably go under a complicated formula to a UNIP coalition with the ANC and the small multiracial Liberal Party. If the expected occurs, Northern Rhodesia's new black government will then be in a position to link arms with Nyasaland in an attempt to control the Federation. On the other hand, both protectorates could opt for secession, thereby destroying the Federation, leaving Southern Rhodesia (and her struggling African nationalist organizations) to go it alone.

Is a Black Federation Possible?

Britain clearly wants the first alternative. African leaders of Northern and Southern Rhodesia would look with favor on an African-dominated Federation. At the last moment Dr. H. Kamuzu Banda, the leading Nyasaland nationalist, might also agree, although he has fulminated for years against the "stupid, so-called Federation" and has sworn secession. Nyasaland, unlike copper-rich Northern Rhodesia, would lose economically from secession, and Dr. Banda might ultimately prefer prosperity to independence – *if* he can have prosperity without white supremacy.

The future of Federation is, however, as much dependent upon white action as it is on black demands. Settlers have a huge stake in Central Africa and will not readily give it up. Understandably, they fear that the tide of black nationalism will engulf them and destroy their way of life while dissipating the achievements of 70 years. The promise of probable African legislative control over Northern Rhodesia (which has heretofore been ruled by white businessmen and settlers under a British governor) has therefore come as a blow of immense portent. For that reason there is every reason to assume that white politicians will not react supinely to Britain's proposed devolution of authority in Northern Rhodesia. Africans, who have both rejected the new constitution as "inadequate" and signified their intention of participating in any election, will likewise oppose any moves to deprive them of their hard-won concessions. What this means is that another Algeria is possible.

A racial war over Northern Rhodesia depends, in the last analysis, on the opposing roles played by Sir Roy Welensky, Prime Minister of the Federation, and Kenneth Kaunda, President of UNIP. Sir Roy, a massive block-buster of a man, is the champion of white interest. In his younger days, before he turned from prize-fighting to locomotive-driving and politics, he was famed for an ability to punch his way out of tight corners. Now, as a parliamentarian and a statesman, he retains those gifts. He can charm the most fervidly opposed heart, whether black or white. And if the ruddy smile, the booming voice or the man-to-man talk over a gin-and-tonic fail, Sir Roy can bluster and threaten in the best mailed-fist tradition. His policies in this age of creeping nationalism have been simple: Label any nationalist upsurge "Communist-inspired and fanatic-oriented" at all costs; make agreements for the common defense of Central Africa with President António Salazar of Portugal, who controls neighboring Angola and Moçambique, and with Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd of South Africa; encourage President Moise Tshombe of Katanga to resist the radicals of a unified Congo. Welcome Tshombe on various visits to Rhodesia, offer him refuge, and ship him supplies, whether butter or guns; defy the United Nations, and its anti-colonial Afro-Asian bloc, without fail. Most important, keep the Federation – hated by all articulate Africans – intact as a last redoubt of white rule in Africa. "And as for the break-up of the Federation, it will not happen while I am Prime Minister," he has said. "I have not been cast for that role." On the same day he announced the order of nine jet fighters from Britain.

Northern Rhodesia is the key to Sir Roy's Federa-

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tion. Now that it may obtain African majority government and, in time – which moves quickly by white clocks – full self-government, he is naturally aghast. When a similar pro-African constitution was introduced a year ago Sir Roy excoriated Whitehall, lobbied in Parliament, displayed his military strength and threatened war. Another constitution (technically but a final draft of the original) was therefore introduced in June, to his expressed pleasure. But African discontent and violence followed throughout Northern Rhodesia's winter. Whites were threatened, bridges were destroyed, and schools and churches were set afire. Eventually the Colonial Office promised to reconsider the June draft if peace were restored. It was, almost at once. A new constitution has hence been proposed which promises to provide Northern Rhodesia with an African legislature and, implicitly, to assure a reorganization of the Federation. Sir Roy will do his best to sabotage the new settlement as he destroyed the old. Indeed, in London recently he promised to carry the fight to Rhodesia: "I believe in the Federation. I believe in what it is trying to do and I am prepared to go the whole hog to maintain it." That is, he said, "I would take every step necessary to carry out the policy I wish to carry out and use force if necessary."

Kaunda, by contrast, is the epitome of moderate, Western-oriented nationalism. His future, and the possibility of a racially relaxed Central Africa, depends upon the implementation of the new British proposals for Northern Rhodesia. Kaunda is Sir Roy's opposite in every way. He drinks not, smokes not, and forbids himself meat. Gandhi is his political mentor and nonviolence his unshakable creed. When Kaunda speaks, his eyes flash but his voice is mild; Sir Roy, for others a "vicious imperialist," is simply "misguided, unfair, and dishonest." Patient persuasion and a firm, perhaps foolish faith in Britain's good intentions has kept him ever hopeful that the quest for freedom in Northern Rhodesia would succeed. The son of a Presbyterian minister from Nyasaland, Kaunda has taught school and struggled for individual and collective self-respect since the beginnings of modern Northern Rhodesian nationalism in 1948. In 1959 he spent nine months in jail for preaching anti-colonialism. When he emerged in 1960 he found himself the unquestioned leader of Northern Rhodesia's nationalist movement. Whether any moderate can retain the leadership is an open question.

Last year he urged his supporters to accept the initial constitution as a decent stepping stone to independence. But in June, while visiting Accra, he learned, to his horror and shock, that London had double-crossed him. For the rest of the summer he spent many of his days and nights lobbying in London, Delhi and Dar-es-Salaam or flying from capital to capital, always clutching a collection of old newspapers, his frayed trench coat, and a book by someone of Gandhian persuasion. He had a ready, warm smile for his friends and supporters, but there was a sad look behind the eyes. When fatigue and despair were at their worst – particularly during the disturbances which he had tried to prevent – he thought of returning permanently to his farm in the remote fastness of Bemba country. Had he done so, his younger, more militant colleagues would have gladly scrapped non-violence and proclaimed a racial war to the end.

"One Man, One Vote"

Such a war may still occur if Sir Roy, or his followers, try forcibly to prevent the emergence of indigenous rule in Northern Rhodesia. Where a shared government in a multi-racial state was once possible, now only complete African rule in an "Africa for the Africans" is acceptable to those who are in the vanguard of the nationalist movement. If Kaunda stays – and his hand will be strengthened by a clear transfer of real power – "Africa for the Africans" will not mean segregation in reverse or discrimination against whites. It will, however, imply equal rights for all, providing Africans are recognized as sovereign. It will mean "one man, one vote" – that shibboleth of transplanted Jacksonian democracy – and a gradual transfer of control.

Kaunda is no fanatic and under him Northern Rhodesia would take its ordered time; he realizes that there is a shortage of trained African manpower (one lawyer, three doctors, perhaps five dozen university graduates) and that whites would have to be retained in government, particularly in the technical services, for a long time to come. Unlike others in his party, he talks little about nationalizing the mines and expropriating white-owned industry. He is a product of the best that the Church of Scotland could provide; he is Western in approach and inclination and firmly loyal to Britain and to the ideals she represents. All he really wants is the opportunity to implement them.

Only a Kaunda-Banda coalition can save the Federation. Even so, a viable Federation would have to permit Joshua Nkomo, President of the Zimbabwe African People's Union, to lead Africans of Southern Rhodesia to self-government there. This may be a utopian vision, however, for the whites of Salisbury are probably incapable of countenancing equality and of trusting themselves to African rule. Yet there is really no other way. Southern Rhodesia could very likely hold out for another five or ten years; their jets could cow any African army. But in the long run jets will work no better on the banks of the Zambesi than they have in the hinterland of Algiers. A racial bloodbath would then be the Africans' only answer to white settlement.

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Robert Frost at Eighty-Eight

On the invitation of Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall, members of the Cabinet, the Supreme Court, the Congress and private citizens came to dinner on March 26 in Washington, D. C., to honor Robert Frost on his eighty-eighth birthday and on the publication of his latest book of poems (In the Clearing, *Holt-Rinehart and Winston, $4*). *Ambassador Stevenson's appreciation and a portion of Mr. Frost's remarks, which follow, were delivered on that occasion.*

The American People Find Their Poet

by Adlai E. Stevenson

The alliance of poetry and politics is very old. Poets from Vergil and Dante to Frost himself have paid tributes to statesmen in their own stock in trade: verse. But what is to be done when the roles are reversed? What can I, a dealer in international politics, do for our renowned poet? What is *my* stock in trade? Perhaps I can make him a present of a problem – such as the cold war; or disarmament; or the rule of law. And I have many more. . . .

But I can tell you, in part at least, what the public servant has to give to the poet – it is the defense of the society in which the man like Robert Frost will still have, in his own words: "the freedom of my material – the condition of body and mind now and then to summon aptly from the vast chaos of all I have lived through." That is all a poet needs from society; the rest, the power to reveal truth and clarify paradox, he has inside himself.

In Robert Frost, the American people have found their poet, their singer, their seer – in short, their bard. Fortunately, Mr. Frost concurs with at least part of our judgment. In a quatrain – clearly aimed at lawyers and politics such as I have been, he says:

> So if you find you must repent
> From side to side in argument,
> At least don't use your mind too hard,
> But trust my instinct – I'm a bard.

He once defined a poem as he would define love. "It begins," he says, "in delight and ends in wisdom." I am grateful to him for describing with such precision the reason why, for me, his poetry lives and speaks. You hardly need to read two pages before you encounter the first of these delights – the sudden brilliant image of mankind's "outer weather" – that natural environment of tree and bird and stone which his words make more vivid than even our senses can – "the whirr of sober birds," the "whelming east wind . . . like the sea's return" – we smell, we taste, our eyes are freshened and renewed, we see better because the poet has seen for us.

And he is the poet of our "inner weather" too. No living poet describes more dispassionately and compassionately the sea changes of the human heart – or has more sly humor to debunk the pretensions and pomposities we mistake for living. Sometimes it is a casual aside:

> A small bird flew before me . . .
> He thought I was after him for a feather –
> The white one in his tail; like one who takes
> Everything said as personal to himself.

Sometimes the light tone and the punch line cover a sad and serious thought:

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I turned to speak to God
About the world's despair.
But to make matters worse,
I found God wasn't there.

God turned to speak to me
(Don't anybody laugh)
God found I wasn't there –
At least not over half.

But humor – and beauty – do not alone make a bard. He begins in delight. He ends in wisdom. A lot of things, it seems, pass for wisdom these days – flag-waving, super-patriotism, frenetic business confidence of the don't-sell-the-country-short variety, conformity, anti-conformity, the power of positive thinking. We'll find nothing like that in Robert Frost. His wisdom does not shirk the risk of suffering and injustice and disaster. It measures it. Indeed, not many poets have expressed the anguish more directly:

A voice said, Look me in the stars
And tell me truly, men of earth,
If all the soul-and-body scars
Were not too much to pay for birth.

It is just because there is no naïve optimism, and the abyss is recognized for what it is – the possibility of ultimate despair – that Robert Frost's constant extolling of a quiet, unsensational, dogged courage is more than a conventional theme. It is an inspiration and a force.

I for one do not believe that these are days of halcyon weather for America or for the world. We need poets who help us to gird ourselves for endurance, and who walk with us on dark roads where the end is not in sight. And if you asked me to name one poem which enshrines for me the spirit in which as a nation we should confront our troubled future, I would quote you the last of these familiar lines:

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Nothing More Gentle than Strength

by Robert Frost

There is nothing that can be more gentle than great strength, you know, and that is us now.

I am talking about the country that I think about.

What's come over this world, our country; let us just say it began about pretty near 200 years ago and it has got to this point now. I have lived through pretty near half of it and I have seen it flower into something, haven't I?

And it has brought me right down here to Washington to be a statesman, almost. As you know, I have been consulted about things in many ways. It is wonderful. I have a real weakness for it. Well, it is great days for me to be made practically a Washingtonian.

I came ashore in this country in 1915. I came up from the boat, from the dirty streets down by the boat, into a little side street on George Washington's birthday in 1915 to find I was already published in America. In a new magazine, I found a review of my book out here without my having claimed it.*

So, I was sort of reborn on Washington's birthday and began my new life. It gave me a feeling. It began right away to make me feel more and more national.

Now, you know, Meliboeus says to Tityrus, "Who gave you all this ease?" Who gave me the easy circumstances that you see me in tonight, you know, and it is two or three people.

Stewart [Udall] here – he calls me by my first name – he picked me up out of the gutter, and the President and my publisher. I have had perfect publisher relations since 1915. I have never asked for a thing from them. I have never sent an accountant into the office to see whether they were cheating me and I have grown richer and richer and they have grown richer and richer. They are quoted on the stock exchange, and I will be before long. I will be quoted on the stock exchange. Just look for me tomorrow in *The Times*.

My publisher and Kathleen Morrison and my manager, they, more than anybody else, those three or four – and then you know there is luck in it, too. We all know that.

Isn't is strange what has come over us? I was thinking the other day that perhaps the most important thing in me, he ought to know, is what I have said in this last book that all there is t life is getting a meaning into a lot of material. Religion or getting a lot of pointed meanings, getting sharp, pointed meaning into the material.

In a poem, I say:

But God's own descent
Into flesh was meant
As a demonstration
That the supreme merit
Lay in risking spirit
In substantiation.

An accumulation of knowledge will not burst into flame. You have to do something about it, and that is what poetry is about; that is what philosophy is about; that is what politics is about.

Isn't it wonderful to put me in a thing as big as the USA?

These things won't stay. You have got to keep doing them fresh and over and over. And it is all my wonder and all my pleasure, and the real evil comes in when you fail to put the meaning in and do not know enough to know that you have failed. That is the only evil in the world. Leave the rest of it all out.

I am always saying something that gives it a freshness to me – I was saying today that we talk about conservative and radical. You want to know the most conservative thing in the world? I will tell you.

The most conservative thing in the world is that like produces like. Human beings produce human beings. And the most radical thing in the world – do you want to know? It is a certain dissatisfaction in man that that is so. That is all it is. That goes behind all the parties, you see. That is very inclusive, sweeping. And, you've got to be sweeping and you've got to be pointed; you've got to come out somewhere just as plain as a wisecrack or a joke. You have to do it with a thesis; you have

* *The New Republic*, February 20, 1915.

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to do it with government; you have to do it with law-making. Half the laws that are made do not have any meaning and they are forgotten and then they cannot be enforced because they do not come to any point.

Senator Douglas, who will remember an old friend we had in common, named Alexander Michaeljohn, I met him lately. I met old Mr. Michaeljohn. He is older than I am, and I said to him, "What are you doing?"

He said, "Me doing anything – at 88 or 89 or 90, something like that – me doing anything?"

I said, "What are you doing?"

He said, "You know the lawyers do not know anything about law and I am doing a book for them."

That is, they do not see the point. He wants to give a fresh point to it all.

I said, "You better hurry up. You have only got 10 years more."

Now, I have said many things about all this and in verse so you won't know it. It is always coming fresh and fresh. I will say a little poem to you that I handed in with this book the day I wrote it just as the manuscript was going away from me. I guess I know it.

This little poem goes like this:

In winter in the woods alone
Against the trees I go.
I mark a maple for my own
And lay the maple low.

At four o'clock I shoulder axe
And in the afterglow
I link a line of shadowy tracks
Across the tinted snow.

I see for Nature no defeat
In one tree's overthrow
Or for myself in my retreat
For yet another blow.

That is all of the poem. That is to tell you there is another book coming.

"Faceless Enemies, Waiting to Pounce"

by William Costello

Historians will find in these episodes little that is not known to contemporary journalism except a handful of private conversations and a stark revelation of the restless, frustrated diffident psyche of the protagonist himself.

Six Crises
by Richard M. Nixon
(Doubleday; $5.95)

What is pervasive is the tacit acknowledgement that Richard Nixon – in Theodore White's phrase – is one of life's losers. This is the story of a man trying desperately to find fulfillment in a world which is never quite his own.

Apart from an occasional flashback to his youth, the author focuses with relentless fervor on the personal challenges which lent their coloration to the national scene during his years in Congress and the Vice-Presidency. He begins with the Hiss case which catapulted him into prominence as a freshman member of the House Committee on Un-American activities – probably the most incisive short account so far published. From there he moves on to the secret fund affair of 1952; the anxious days of Eisenhower's heart attack; the South American tour and the Caracas riot of 1958; the Russian trip and its grotesque kitchen debate of 1959. Finally a long pedestrian chapter reviews the fateful campaign for the Presidency in 1960. In the main, Nixon adds little except subjective footnotes to Earl Mazo's account of the fund; or to Robert Donovan's account of the heart attack incident; and for those who read Theodore White's brilliant classic on the 1960 campaign, Nixon's recital is anti-climatic (and in part almost unrecognizable) except for a candid insight on the preliminaries and on the motivation of his famous "Treaty of Fifth Avenue" with Governor Nelson Rockefeller.

For Nixon, his involvement in politics was "one of life's mountain-top experiences," something he "would not for the world have missed." And he writes of the tactics and machinery of politics with a dichotomous ardor which is by turns exultant and awe-struck, detached and despairing, arrogant and fawning. From crisis to crisis he bullies, winces, attacks, defends, teeters irresolutely or "blows his stack." His dissection of his campaign is a cooly professional summation of rivalries, issues, skirmishes and ambuscades, a catalog of places flashing across the stage as backdrops and fleshless people playing walk-on parts.

What gives the book its flavor and character is the conflict between the outer and inner man, a contrast that like sheet lightning illumines not the events through which he moves so much as the man himself. There are long, graphic passages of story-telling at its liveliest; and then there are those insistent moments of decision which exhaust themselves in self-torment. "This is a story of crisis primarily as it affects an individual," he says, and wraps himself in a cloak of masochism. All the while his eyes are turned most harshly on the inner tumult, a separate self watches from over his shoulder counseling apprehensively against an amorphous body of judgment which must be conciliated.

Plainly the fear is of himself. After the exquisite pain of the 1960 election letdown, he sits brooding beside his hearth, reminding himself of the need to "rise above defeat." He could not know the pitfalls ahead but he had no doubt they would be there. He says:

> "These were the thoughts running through my mind as, sitting there before the library fire, I began to relax. . . . I had arrived at no momentous decisions about what I would do or say. . . . But I was at peace with myself. I was confident that, knowing the dangers to watch for, I would be able to handle the problems I would be confronted with, without making serious mistakes."

Throughout his public life, it was these mistakes he dreaded; it was the fear of them that haunted him and prevented him from making a satisfactory peace with the world of thinkers and doers in which he yearned for an acknowledged place. It was the lurking surprise, the uncontrolled posture, the unwitting gaucherie which kept him perpetually on guard against himself.

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The moral texts by which he lives are those of a puritan lay preacher. "Life," he says, "is surely more than simply the search for enjoyment." Again: "My philosophy has always been: don't lean with the wind." Again: "Adversity breaks the weak but makes the strong." And again: "A man should learn to live with and be stimulated by tension rather than numbing his spirit with tranquilizers."

Life is an unending battle for such a temperament, and battles are to be fought with "serenity . . . a product of faith." And what is faith? It "comes to an individual after he has gone through a necessary period of indecision, of doubt and soul-searching. . . ." No secret intuitions, no instinctive absolutism on the moral plane, but a gauntlet of torment – testing, analyzing, groping for a rationale which will not crumble underfoot.

In the moment of terror at Caracas, with a mob lusting for his blood, he told himself "I must be as cold as the mob was hot." Afterward, at the US embassy "I steeled myself to guard against making any mistakes which were avoidable," but he acknowledges: "My personal desire was to get away from people, from problems, from crises – to get some time alone by myself in which to think and even just to sack out."

He acknowledges that his politicians' veneer of self-possession is paper-thin. Under stress, he confesses, "inside the turmoil becomes almost unbearable." The reality, as he pictures it, is an acute self-consciousness, a fundamental lack of faith in his own perceptiveness and response. After President Eisenhower's heart attack, almost his first thought was that "the eyes of the nation and the world would be focused upon me and what I did." To resolve that crisis, "my first conscious decision was that I should check everything I said and did in the next critical few hours with someone whose judgment I respected."

Nixon finds total bafflement in his rejection by those whose favor he most covets – the natural rulers of men. His tolerance is as broad as it is sincere. He is at pains to prove he is no religious bigot; he is not anti-Semitic; he deplores and condemns the radicals of the right no less than those of the left; he forgives the press even when it is crucifying him; he identifies clearly the historical anomalies of Communism and copes dexterously with its insidious tactics. He is an honest man. It would be exaggeration to say he harbors a persecution complex, and yet he is never unaware of nameless, faceless enemies waiting to pounce, ready with their "smears." Always, as in the tense days after the President's heart attack "any misstep could bring disaster." After the Hiss case, there was a "residue of hatred and hostility toward me – not only among the Communists but also among substantial segments of the press and the intellectual community – a hostility which remains even today . . ."

He cannot shake this incubus. After the Fund affair, he consoles himself that "unwarranted attacks, particularly those involving personal integrity" are the price to be paid by honest men who enter public life. "If men with good and honest reputations do not take such risks, they leave the field of public service to the second-raters and chiselers."

As a self-portrait, the swift transit of fourteen years in public life becomes a vehicle of self-destruction, devoid of eloquence or elegance, surcharged with banalities, intellectual clichés, and tasteless bravado, until at last the reader averts his mind's eye in embarrassment. Republican officials are saying Nixon is in deep trouble in his race for the California governorship; better than anything else, this book gives us the reasons why.

A Long Look at Gangland

by Miriam Ottenberg

Over the past three decades, organized crime has been examined in the halls of Congress, by state investigating committees, by sociologists, prosecutors and journalists. Out of those investigations and studies have come both unverified theories and valid conclusions. There is agreement, however, on one thesis: crime in America is organized, much better organized than the forces opposing it.

Organized Crime in America
A book of readings
by Gus Tyler
Introduction by Estes Kefauver
(Michigan; $7.50)

The roots of the organization, as well as its manifestations, its past as well as its probable future, are examined in a series of "readings" from these assorted studies compiled by Gus Tyler, director of the Department of Politics, Education and Training for the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union. Mr. Tyler's book is a by-product of a study on the underworld in American life commissioned by the Fund for the Republic.

The anthologist's knowledgeable essays at the start of each section attempt to give cohesion to the whole. Where the cohesion falls down is in the lack of agreement among his authors. While differing viewpoints are, of course, desirable in an over-all study, the superficial is given equal play with the deeply penetrating. Occasionally, and perhaps inevitably, some of the authors miss the woods in their preoccupation with the trees.

The readings, for instance, are contradictory and inconclusive on the role of Mafia in the grand design of organized crime. They vary from the insistence of the Kefauver Committee that Mafia is the cement that binds the major rings to the equal insistence of a sociologist that Mafia is a myth. Midway between these divergent views is a prosecutor's theory that the Unione Siciliano purged Mafia and established modern-day methods of cooperative endeavor in crime.

Actually, what difference does a name make as long as ordered murders show a similar pattern and witnesses can be terrified into secrecy? The organization is there. It is reflected in the close ties of blood and marriage linking pockets of crime in half a dozen major strongholds. It's also reflected in winter meetings in Miami, spring meetings at

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Mulford Sibley, in his study which offers a bold and moral approach to the problem of preventing war and preserving peace through disarmament and nonviolent resistance, writes:

"Deterrence has blinded men to the genuine revolution of 'rising expectations,' made appeasement of colonialist and dictatorial military allies an important part of policy, obscured the posibilities of international reconciliation, begun to transform the 'American way of life' into a militaristic type of society and increasingly dulled the moral sensitivity of human beings."

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Hot Springs and, of course, the notorious but unrevealing session at Apalachin, New York.

This is the kind of organization – possibly only a loose confederation of underworld businessmen – that developed its own methods of interstate commerce during the Prohibition Era and settled on "territories" as the end of Prohibition forced the vice lords to seek other avenues of profitable trade. Narcotics was among the most profitable until the 1956 Narcotics Control Act with its mandatory sentences and subsequent determined enforcement put a crimp in the trade. It is widely believed that the Apalachin meeting was called to lay plans for shifting out of narcotics into a much safer pursuit – gambling.

Mr. Tyler's collection of readings hardly lays enough stress on the role of gambling in organized crime. By the time of the Kefauver investigation in 1951, gambling had emerged as the major reason for the sporadic meetings of the gang lords, the key to the corruption of local governments and the fountainhead of profits to finance all organized crime. Yet it took more than a decade after these revelations for Congress to provide the law enforcement tools to combat it.

As Walter Lippmann says in Mr. Tyler's readings, "the underworld is what it is largely because Americans are too moral to tolerate human weakness and because they are too great lovers of liberty to tolerate the tyranny which might make it possible to abolish what they prohibit." He was speaking of the lack of enforcement of Prohibition laws. He could be speaking as well of the lax enforcement of gambling laws.

People are still prone to think of the numbers as a harmless collection of nickel and dime bets and, like a prominent sports writer, they regard new laws forbidding interstate shipment of scratch sheets and other gambling paraphernalia as a tyrannical threat to individual liberty. Yet the same people are shocked at revelations of corruption in their government. The fact that gamblers cannot operate without "protection" and that "protection" means corruption is the part of the syllogism that escapes them.

A different form of organization, examined historically in the Tyler readings and now a basic target in Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy's current drive on organized crime and racketeering, is the clear tie-up between certain labor organizations and the criminal fraternity. The link emerges in its most precise form in the curious collection of ex-convicts around Teamsters President James R. Hoffa. Thus, in going after labor racketeering, the Attorney General's forces must venture down such by-ways as stock manipulation, gambling, savings and loan frauds and bankruptcy frauds as well as the more expected extortion, labor-management deals and misuse of union funds.

The over-all dimensions of racketeering are spelled out with remarkable pre-vision in a 1933 analysis excerpted from *Twentieth Century Crime* by G. L. Hostetter and T. Q. Beesley in the Tyler compendium. These authors contend that five distinct but interdependent elements are vital in the structure of any racket. They list businessmen, leaders of organized labor, politicians, criminals and lawyers. What is being exposed today and probably will be exposed more thoroughly within the year fits neatly into that framework.

The unholy alliance between business, labor and crime has many motivations. Organized crime has the money to pour into legitimate business as well as the desire for a respectable "front." It has the contacts with police and politicians. It also has the strong arm troops. A businessman greedy for profits or a labor union greedy for power is a natural prey. An excerpt from *Crime in America* by Senator Kefauver is a reminder of the effects on the public when gangsters take over control of vital products and services.

"I for one," he wrote, "do not like to think of food products necessary to the health of my children or of medicine that can mean life or death to a great many people coming from plants controlled by gangsters whose code of ethics is the dollar sign and who do not care if that dollar sign is stained somewhat with blood."

Mr. Tyler's readings pin down some important conclusions: That organized crime in America is a product of the American culture, that it isn't under the proprietorship of any one ethnic

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group but of a succession of ethnic groups, that the juvenile gangs of today provide the "organization men" for tomorrow's crime syndicates.

Inevitably, the emphasis is on the problem rather than the solution. The closest any of the authors come to a positive suggestion is a mildly worded excerpts from a 1959 interview with Mr. Kennedy when he was chief counsel of the Senate Rackets Committee.

"I think," said Mr. Kennedy, "that judges and courts in some areas must become more realistic about what the problems are. I think that the individual's liberties and freedom are extremely important. I think, however, we should put some emphasis on the public interest and public security."

As Attorney General, with more law enforcement tools against organized crime than his predecessors, with a system developed to tap more than 25 Federal agencies for intelligence data on his targets, Mr. Kennedy is in a position to fight organization with organization. Then, it will be up to the courts to achieve a long overdue balance between individual rights and the rights of society.

MOVIES

The Most Famous Unknown Director

In this country Luis Bunuel is the most famous unknown director alive, for though much has written about him, little of his work has been seen. A Spaniard who spent years of exile in Mexico, he returned to Spain a few years ago to make a film which, once it was shown at the Cannes Festival and won the Grand Prize, was banned in Spain. Bunuel is again in Mexico.

Viridiana (Kingsley International).
Only Two Can Play
(Kingsley International)
The Day The Earth Caught Fire
(Universal-International)

This Spanish film, *Viridiana*, now released here, is both a good introduction to Bunuel and a characteristic progression for those who know some of his earlier work. The eponymous heroine is a novice in a convent who visits her uncle-by-marriage before she takes her final vows. He is a rich eccentric who is struck by her resemblance to her dead aunt, drugs her (with the aid of a maidservant) in order to seduce her, but is unable to go through with it. Remorseful, he commits suicide. The girl remains to help run his estate and is soon joined by his natural son. The son devotes himself to modernizing the farm; Viridiana devotes herself to housing beggers, leading them (she thinks) towards godliness. One day the beggars are left alone, they break into the main house and run riot. When Viridiana returns, she is almost raped by one of them. The beggars are driven out. The son's practical approach prevails. The maidservant has become the son's mistress, and the film ends with Viridiana, by implication, joining the harem.

As baroque parable, the film is quite legible. The spiritual cannot cut its ties to the physical. (Even though she escapes assault by her uncle, his consequent suicide keeps her from returning to the convent.) God *is* mocked – by men who are essential animals. The only help for the animal is not metaphysic but worldly action, and even in that context sentimentality is possible. (The practical son buys a dog from a teamster to free it from abuse; immediately another teamster passes with a similarly mistreated dog.)

Cruelty and ugliness, two Bunuel hallmarks, are stamped all over the film. Each of the beggars is somehow scored: toothless or white-eyed or dwarfed or syphilitic. The riot contains rutting behind a sofa and a profane version of da Vinci's *Last Supper*. The neurotic uncle fondles his dead wife's corset and shoes and veil; later, one of the filthy beggars finds these things and puts them on.

Bearing down always on the film is a ruthless disgust, a view of man as more self-deceiving than evil, a belief that all he needs to do is reduce his delusory aspirations and settle for what he is and has, and his life will be sane and healthy. Take short views; trust instincts; and trust that others will do only the same.

The basic "who do we think we're kidding?" attitude is more superficially cynical than pessimistic. Pudding smeared on a drunken beggar's face, a phonograph blaring the Hallelujah Chorus during the revel, a shot of a cat leaping on a mouse when the son grabs the maid, all seem facile ironic symbols. What keeps the film from being a bore in spite of its philosophic shallowness – in fact, what makes it fascinating – is Bunuel's melodramatically graphic camera, which continually stuns us, and his rhythmic sense which, for example, builds the orgy like a bolero. He is a master technician with the outlook of a collegiate idealist who has just discovered venality and lust.

It seems to me significant that Bunuel began his film career in the twenties by collaborating with Salvador Dali. There are few better technicians among painters than Dali, few with an eye for more melodramatically striking compositions, and few who are more glib and unrewarding. One risk of art that deals in shock so as to show the viewer the ugliness made by his way of life is that it is easy to fall in love with the shock process as such. The ugliness in *Viridiana* is less an illumination of the ugliness we make than the logical extension of the career of a man who began (in *Un Chien Andalou*) by slitting a girl's eyeball with a razor.

Peter Sellers' new comedy *Only Two Can Play* is about a young married librarian in a Welsh town, a would-be Juan, who becomes involved with the wily wife of a Town Councillor. The scene in her bedroom in which they do

"JACK. Bobby. Pat. Sargent. Ethel, Jackie. Caroline and now Teddy. Mr. Edward M. Kennedy is a candidate for the United States Senate from Massachusetts. He is 30 years old, has a year's experience in a minor position in the state government, spent some time last summer traveling through Latin America as a sort of unofficial Something or Other. He is a brother of the President. He is a brother of the President. He is a brother . . ."

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not consummate their mutual attraction is one of the funniest seduction sequences on film. The script, marred only by a later attempt to out-do this scene and by a surprising excess of lavatory jokes, has been wittily adapted by Bryan Forbes from Kingsley Amis' novel *That Uncertain Feeling*. Virginia Maskell is Sellers' cherishable wife, Mai Zetterling an avid adventuress, and Richard Attenborough, increasingly versatile, is maliciously amusing as a dilettante Dylan Thomas. Sellers, divested of trick make-up and with no accent other than a touch of educated Welsh, concentrates on comic acting rather than comic imitation and gives his subtlest performance to date.

The Day the Earth Caught Fire is the story of the possible end of the world as seen through the office of the London *Daily Express*. Accidentally simultaneous bomb tests by the US and Russia have tipped the earth off its axis, too close to the sun. Civilization begins to sorch; extreme measures are taken, which may right matters, and the film ends with a question mark. The picture is disfigured by a tritely sexy love story and its exploration of the morality of testing adds nothing to the subject, but it is genuinely and viscerally scary, far superior to the usual science-fiction horror. The newspaper-office view of approaching doom as geared to the deadlines makes the holocaust convincing; if it ever happens, each of us is going to see it through his own keyhole, not cosmically. (It is a much more frightening film than *On the Beach*.) Part of its impact comes from the good "special effects," part from the newspaper-office atmosphere which, for once, seems valid; indeed the editor is played by the former *Express* editor, Arthur Christiansen. Val Guest, the director, proved in *Hell Is A City* that he knows how to give a film reality and compelling, if slightly artificial, pace. His new film is not intrinsically serious, but its catastrophe is seriously credible.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

THEATER

The Composite Musical Play

It may be that the products of the commercial imagination have now grown so debased that they are no longer suitable objects of satire. Instead of requiring detonation from outside, they are inclined – like Jean Tinguely's self-destroying machines – to blow themselves up with their own built-in explosives. Consider a recent experience of mine. About a week ago – casting around for some distraction during a typical dark night of the soul on Broadway – I began to imagine for myself a composite hit play. Bowing to all theatrical tastes and commercial possibilities, I instantly determined that the work would have to be a musical (Native American Artform), with a Jewish Flavor (Benefit Audience Appeal), and a "serious" theme (nod to the Cultural Explosion). While all the other elements fell nicely into place, the theme had me stymied for a while. Inter-racial love was good, but overworked; a musical on the subject of the Peace Corps was promising (two such projects have been announced for next year), but as yet untried. Taking note of plays like *Gift of Time* and *Isle of Children*, I finally concluded that the fashion this season was Death. I would make my hero the victim of a mortal disease upon which he could reflect courageously and melodiously (the idea struck me as especially happy since works of this type, emitting a long low whine, are inherently musical). Having hit upon a theme, I stumbled upon a title. The musical would be called *Milk and Cancer*, featuring such catchy tunes as "Tea for Tumor" and (for the coronary subplot) "Zing! Went the Strings of My Heart." Warming to the subject, I even decided to have a Carcinoma Ballet – laid in a sterile abstract operating room representing the hero's unconscious – where the patient, under ether, could wrestle with a malignant cell, only to be rescued by Love in the shape of a gleaming scalpel.

No Strings
Book by Samuel Taylor
Music and Lyrics by Richard Rodgers
(54th Street Theater)

This sort of thing is, admittedly, desperate amusement at best; but already a new musical has arrived which makes my studied eclecticism seem startlingly original: *No Strings*, by Samuel Taylor and Richard Rodgers, is a much more shameless composite than I could ever devise. The work has been advertised as unorthodox, and perhaps I'd better begin by telling you in what its heterodoxy consists. For one thing, the musicians wander dazedly through the action with clarinets, trombones, and flutes, while the actors change the sets – an innovation guaranteed to excite nobody but the theatrical unions who even now are probably planning jurisdictional disputes. And secondly, though Mr. Taylor (less sensitive than I to surfeited themes) has chosen miscegenation over death – examining the relations between a high fashion model and a blocked Pulitzer Prize novelist, both expatriated in France – he dramatizes this subject without ever once acknowledging openly that his heroine is a Negress, presumably because it is now an offense against Broadway liberalism to mention even the most obvious racial distinctions.

Spectators will have to be satisfied with these daring departures alone, for the rest of the musical adheres strictly to formula. At the end of the first act, the hero and heroine go to bed together (their climax is suggested by a jazz drummer, drenched in blue light, frantically banging away at jungle tom-toms), but they are forced to part at the end of the play – the hero returning, for the sake of his art, to his "roots" ("rock-ribbed Maine," as it is called in another of Rodgers' state anthems),

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

William Costello *is the author of* The Facts About Nixon. Miriam Ottenberg *is a Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter for* The Washington Star *and the author of a forthcoming book on Federal investigative agencies.*

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the heroine to her apparently enviable career as a Paris clothes-horse. As background for this courageous love story, the collaborators have provided a Hollywood version of the European fashion world (bearded photographers, dumb models, and a wisecracking editor of *Paris Vogue*, all stolen from a movie called *Funny Face*), thus permitting the costumer to indulge a misogynistic impulse by dressing the heroine in knickers and the chorus in garments which look suspiciously like long underwear. (Buried in such chic vulgarity, the whole production reminded me of an English debating proposition that "Americans have taste – acres and acres of taste!") The scenic designer, furthermore, using panels, screens, and exposed Kleig lights of various horrendous colors, whisks us to places like Honfleur, Deauville, and Monte Carlo – giving the director an opportunity to employ some freeze techniques from John Huston's *Moulin Rouge*, and the hero a shot at one of those inevitable state-of-mind ballets in which he vacillates between demi-mondaine fleshpots and his energetically officious mistress who keeps urging him to win another Pulitzer Prize. I should add that despite certain Jamesian echoes about the corrupting effect of European culture on innocent Americans (inappropriate enough to a time which has completely reversed this relationship), the Europe of *No Strings* is about as authentic as the Siam, Polynesia, and Israel of previous musicals – an exotic travel poster illustrated with stock types dressed in native costumes.

As for the music, it has been obvious ever since Lorenz Hart died that Richard Rodgers is always at the mercy of his lyricist – nothing else will explain the disparity between his former sophisticated melodies and the sentimental folksy kitsch he wrote with Hammerstein. Having composed the lyrics for *No Strings* himself, he is now at his own mercy, and the results are not very felicitous. Though some of the songs are tuneful enough (the most melodious one is plugged so hard that one is reminded of a Woolworth pianist selling the latest sheet music), none show any rhythmic ingenuity and all are self-derivative, while his clichéd lyrics demonstrate that the possibilities of the love song have long since been exhausted. Reflecting the play's tendency to line up squarely on each side of every question, the title song celebrates both marriage and love without any attachments; reflecting what is undoubtedly the animating motive of the entire work, most of the others are mainly about money (in the most frenetic production number, in fact, a Tulsa millionairess stimulates the audience by doing a striptease with hundred dollar bills instead of fans). The one virtue of this musical is Diahann Carroll – exquisitely lovely, blithe, and graceful – who plays the model with a good deal more dignity than the part deserves. But even she has been forced into imitation. Expert at a quiet, gentle, restrained style, she has been directed to growl, gurgle, roll her eyeballs, and

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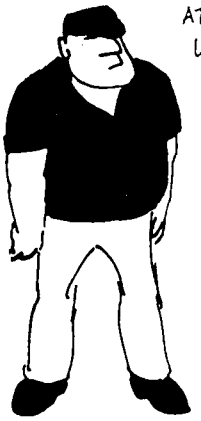

AT THE PLANT THERE USED TO BE **488** OF US WORKING - **244** OF US PUTTING THINGS IN. **244** OF US TAKING THINGS OUT. MONOTONOUS BUT GOOD PAY.

THEN THEY AUTOMATED THE PUTTING THINGS IN DEPARTMENT. THEY LET GO OF **122** OF THE **244** MEN AND RETRAINED THE REST TO LEARN HOW TO GO FROM PUTTING THINGS IN TO TAKING THINGS OUT.

THEN THEY LET GO OF **122** OF THE TAKING THINGS OUT DEPARTMENT AND REPLACED THEM WITH THE **122** RETRAINED MEN FROM THE PUTTING THINGS IN DEPARTMENT.

THEN THEY **AUTOMATED** THE TAKING **THINGS** OUT DEPARTMENT AND LET **EVERY-BODY** GO, WHICH PUT THE RETRAINED MEN IN A FUNNY POSITION BECAUSE NOW THEY WERE OUT OF **TWO** JOBS INSTEAD OF ONE.

THE ONLY ONE THEY KEPT **WAS ME** - **ON** ACCOUNT **OF** BEING **SHOP** STEWARD.

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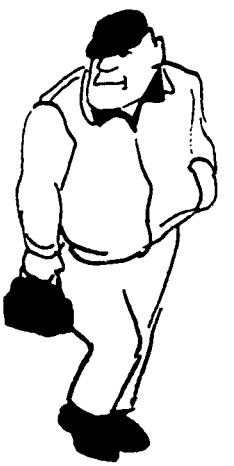
4-8

AT NINE O'CLOCK I PUSH THE PUTTING THINGS IN BUTTON. AT ONE O'CLOCK I PUSH THE TAKING THINGS OUT BUTTON. AT FIVE O'CLOCK I TURN OFF BOTH BUTTONS AND THE LIGHTS AND GO HOME.

AUTOMATION MAY HAVE BEEN BAD FOR THE OTHER GUYS, BUT **I** CAN'T COMPLAIN. IN THE **OLD** DAYS ALL I DID WAS PUT THINGS IN.

NOW AT LEAST THERE'S VARIETY.



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pat her thigh sensually like Lena Horne – presumably to suggest that note of primitive sexuality which whites generally associate with Negroes while proclaiming that no differences really exist.

But it is useless to catalogue any further the borrowings, vulgarities, and evasions of this cynical work; suffice it to say, it makes my own composite hit play seem like a workable possibility for next season. And herein lies the dilemma of the practicing critic. For just as America, according to Philip Roth, has become too grotesque to be recorded convincingly by a writer of fiction, so the Broadway stage is beginning to escape the limits of descriptive prose. Robert Brustein

Correspondence

Appreciating Schwartz

Sirs:

Irving Howe's article on Delmore Schwartz (March 19) brought me back to my own discovery of that author's work one day in the forties in the Brooklyn Public Library, Grand Army Plaza branch.

The strophes of *Genesis* broke over my head like the breakers at Belle Harbor. "How could he *know*?" I asked myself, and then: "How could anyone think of making a poem out of *this*?" For it was extraordinarily different from either Sholem Aleichem or Walt Whitman (both of whom, I knew, vaguely, if I ever thought about it at all, were in some way "poles" of a contradictory heritage) and vastly more true to life as I knew it than either. For *Genesis* in fact awoke me to self-consciousness, suddenly revealed to me that I wasn't just an independent self-propelled entity in the world-at-large, but very much a granddaughter of Jewish immigrants in Brooklyn in the forties which made me both "ordinary" (like the Appetizing Store Man's kids) and yet endowed me with a kind of tormenting grandeur, too.

For a while, the impact of Schwartz was shattering (to what degree, a generation reared on Philip Roth can't really understand) shattering in the sense that finding your own life-history tabulated in a statistical study of American Jewry can never be – because I felt that somebody else had been in the same situation and *knew*, and, far more miraculous, could transform this stuff into something that seemed to me at the time as epic as Homer.

Linda Nochlin
Vassar College

The AMA in Politics

Sirs:

Christopher Jencks offers a more than adequate rebuttal of Dr. Larson's letter (NR, March 5); however what has impressed me once again is the plausibility of the American Medical Association's argument – that is, if one were otherwise ignorant of the situation and unaware of the arguments of the other side. The spokesman for the AMA has at his disposal sheaves of selected statistics which are interpreted to conform to the predetermined conclusion. Internal discussion within the state and national societies is very rare because of periodic purges of dissidents (the latest of which I've heard was the expulsion by the Colorado Society of members who had refused to pay a $50 political assessment), and because no elective mechanism exists for the representation of minority opinions other than locally. For example, at a recent local meeting to which I was invited in order to speak, a motion was made to pledge non-cooperation and passive resistance in event of the passage of the King-Anderson Bill; when I mentioned that such a proposal was entirely irrelevant since physicians' compliance was not required by the legislation, I provoked a frenzied denunciation of "creeping socialism" by several long-winded members while the others sat all the while unconcerned and silent. I could not hope that my views would be considered, nor could those of the 30 percent of doctors who do not belong to the American Medical Association if we were to join tomorrow en masse.

The position of the older members can perhaps be explained by native conservatism; but I am at a loss to explain the indifference of the younger physicians. Of course AMA membership confers definite benefits which they may feel reluctant to forego. Many of them, also, have served in the armed forces medical corps or in VA hospitals and have expressed fears that socialized medicine would be the same thing: restrictions, abuses, *et al.*

Within the past year several state medical societies have made national membership compulsory. This means that many physicians will be forced to support political and social opinions to which they would not ordinarily subscribe. The AMA abdicated its function as a medical organization, first in the field of public health, then in its control of ethical drug advertising, and most recently and shamefully in its stated opposition to the Kefauver drug legislation, particularly on those points which are considered desirable by the consensus of medical authorities.

I know of the limitations of Blue

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Cross and Blue Shield, and the extreme inadequacy of other medical insurance policies. I consider the King-Anderson Bill to be a reasonable attempt to fill a recognized need. It would be tragic if this legislation is blocked, for I cannot see any grandeur or nobility in impoverished old age.

Charles E. Cherubin, MD
Greeley, Colorado

Sirs:

I have just seen the March 12 issue of the *New Republic*. Although I realize that Mr. Jencks and I will probably never agree on how to finance medical care for the aged, I want to express my appreciation for the way in which you presented my recent letter.

Leonard W. Larson, MD
President, AMA
Chicago, Illinois

The National Book Awards

Sirs:

I agree with Michael Straight's contention (March 12) that authors are not race horses, but I cannot understand why he should feel that the National Book Awards constitute a race.

In 1956, I was an "also-ran"; in 1961, I was one of the fiction judges. As to the former, Mr. Straight feels that I must have been subjected to disappointment, not to say (and he does) "anguish." As to the latter, he feels that writers should not lend their services as judges to "enterprises of this kind."

This approach would seem to dispose of the giving of literary prizes (including, I suppose, the Nobel) forever. There must be entries, or there can be no awards; and, unless these are selected by thunderbolts from heaven or drawings from a hat, there must be judges. Granted this, the publication of a list of leading contenders is no more than an effort to fulfill the purposes of the National Book Awards – that is, to stimulate interest in books. The authors were not "bred and trained." They could not be, since they were represented by books already between covers, in which not a syllable could be changed.

As one of the judges, I was, of course, subjected to no pressures, and any book of fiction was in our domain, as long as it was published in that year and written by an American citizen. As one of the "also-rans," I find it difficult to believe that either losers or winners are likely to suffer. I agree with Mr. Straight that a creative worker is "impelled by his own sense of uniqueness," and surely, in that case, none of the books can have been written with the single intention of winning this particular prize. This would be a poor and foolish reason for writing any book, and I am confident that Mr. Straight himself, as the author of a fine novel called *Carrington*, would be the first to agree.

B. J. Chute
New York City

Junk Mail

Sirs:

Your article "The Mail Fraud" (March 26) has startled me more than anything I've read in a long time. You say, "There is really no such thing as 'first class' mail any more. It is all dragged down to the common denomination of the bulk mail – Third Class."

My company has mailed over 50 million pieces of third class mail in the last 10 years. Every individual lot has had decoy names included to check on delivery time. In greater Boston, for example, it take five to seven days to receive third class mail dropped in Boston and delivered to my house in Brookline, which is three miles from downtown Boston. First class mail would be received the next day in practically all cases.

Again I quote: "The real offender behind the scenes, and about which little if anything is proposed to be done, is third class mail – the unsolicited advertising popularly known as 'junk mail' or 'sucker list' mail. Most of it is merely addressed to 'Boxholder' or 'Postal Patron'."

Your ignorance amazes me!

a) HR 7927 proposes to increase third class mail from two-and-a-half to three-and-a-half cents each. Not so many years ago the rate was one-and-a-half cents. This is hardly "little if anything." My company alone would face an increase of $80,000 over 1961 costs or a sharp reduction in advertising and, therefore, in volume.

b) I first subscribed to *The New Republic* because I received some "unsolicited advertising popularly known

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as junk mail" from you. (Some of it is junk but some shows promise.)

c) Have you figured out what the proposed increases in third class mail would have cost you in 1961? Have you realized what a damper the new rates will put in any of your new promotional plans? Do you really think you get the speed of first class mail on your third class?

d) Most third class mail is *not* addressed to "Boxholder."

Your suggestion to eliminate third class mail by making the rate the same as first class, would be extremely harmful to many individual businesses and to the economy in general. Third class mail has a cheaper rate because the service is deferred and because the mailer performs many of the sorting operations before it is given to the Post Office. Don't ignore the businesses which rely on third class mail for their advertising. Also of what relevance is your statement that 97 percent of third class mail is thrown away? I suggest that an equally large percent of the listeners to TV or readers of newspapers and magazines also are not moved by advertising.

The rate increases for second class mail may put you out of business. The rate increase for third class may lead to the same thing for me. Your circulation is so small that you attract little advertising. If you mailed more effective third class mail, you could increase your circulation and therefore your advertising revenue.

More advertising revenue would guarantee the very survival of *The New Republic*. Third class mail is not a scapegoat but potentially the very best way to insure a long and healthy life for you.

Have you ever considered the amount of first class mail engendered by third class and second class mail? Subscriptions, letters to the editor, manuscripts, bills all come to you first class. Hopefully in my case, orders come to us first class, plus many customer letters of inquiry. The Post Office, as you know, makes a substantial profit on first class mail.

Redeem my shattered faith in *The New Republic* as the best informed, most important, truly first class magazine in the United States.

Richard D. Stone
Brookline, Mass.

Schlesinger in Canada

Sirs:

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. (March 12) protests that all he did in Canada was to make some innocuous remarks at an interview at the Vancouver airport. The audience – and this is not merely an ascertainable fact, but one that could have been predicted – turned out to be all Canadians who read and listen to the news. And Mr. Green, Undersecretary of State for External Affairs, used "*inopportune*" and "*improper*" to characterize the remark that Canada's policy toward Cuba is an obstacle to democratic reform in Latin America.

As for that other innocuous remark, that trade with Castro is a matter for the Canadian Government and the Canadian people to decide, the predictable answer was made by a Canadian visitor, to whom I showed Mr. Schlesinger's letter. She said, "Why, thank you very much, Mr. Schlesinger."

The Canadians are a bit sensitive about our "beck and call" diplomacy. On a Monday we decide to take some action; on the Tuesday we are asking our friends and allies to explain why they have not already arrived at the same wise decision. Mr. Schlesinger merely happened to issue his informal beck a few days ahead of the more official call from Secretary Rusk.

If the point is not yet clear, Canadians are wryly amused that an American on the way from Punta del Este should imply that we had there given a practical lesson in democratic reform.

Everett C. Hughes
Brandeis University

In reply:

Mr. Hughes seems incapable of getting the facts right. His letter continues to refer to my alleged "remark that Canada's policy toward Cuba is an obstacle to democratic reform in Latin America." As I wrote *The New Republic* (March 12), I made no such remark. I said that the United States view was that anything which helped Castro hampered the prospects of democratic reform in Latin America. Is it Mr. Hughes' contention that people connected with the United States Government should not be permitted to answer questions concerning United States policy?

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

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